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MUSIC LIBRARY
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FLORIDA WATER

BURLESQUE OPERA

IN THREE ACTS.

Book by { BURDEN WHITING.
WILLIAM SLADE.

Lyrics by F. W. ARNOLD, Jr.

. . . MUSIC BY . . .

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

PUBLISHED BY
SHEPARD & COMPANY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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...FLORIDA WATER...

Burlesque Opera.

Act I. Scene: Banking House of Ponce de Leon, Cadiz of Spain.

Act II. Scene: Florida.

Act III. Scene: Garden of Mayor of Cadiz.

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CURTAIN.

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Florida Water.

ACT I.

Words by F. W. ARNOLD, Jr. , **OPENING CHORUS.** Music by E. W. CORLISS.

No. 1,

Allegro vivace.

f

1. Ev - er - y morn - ing, prompt at nine, We, the clerks, march here in line,
2. Ev - er - y eve - ning, prompt at six, Watch the clock and count the ticks,

con 8vi ad lib..

Desks and stools, and pict - ures dust, From the door - knob scrub the rust,.....
When the hour at length has struck, Change our seats to change our luck.....

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771313

Wash the win - dows, mop the floors, O - pen bus - iness and the doors,
Draw the cur - tains, shut the blinds, Close our books, take in the signs,

Set to work on dai - ly chores, In the bank - ing house of Ponce.
Rec - re - ate our wea - ry minds, In the bank - ing house of Ponce.

BITTERS. Per-chance.

R.H.

Ponce. BITTERS.

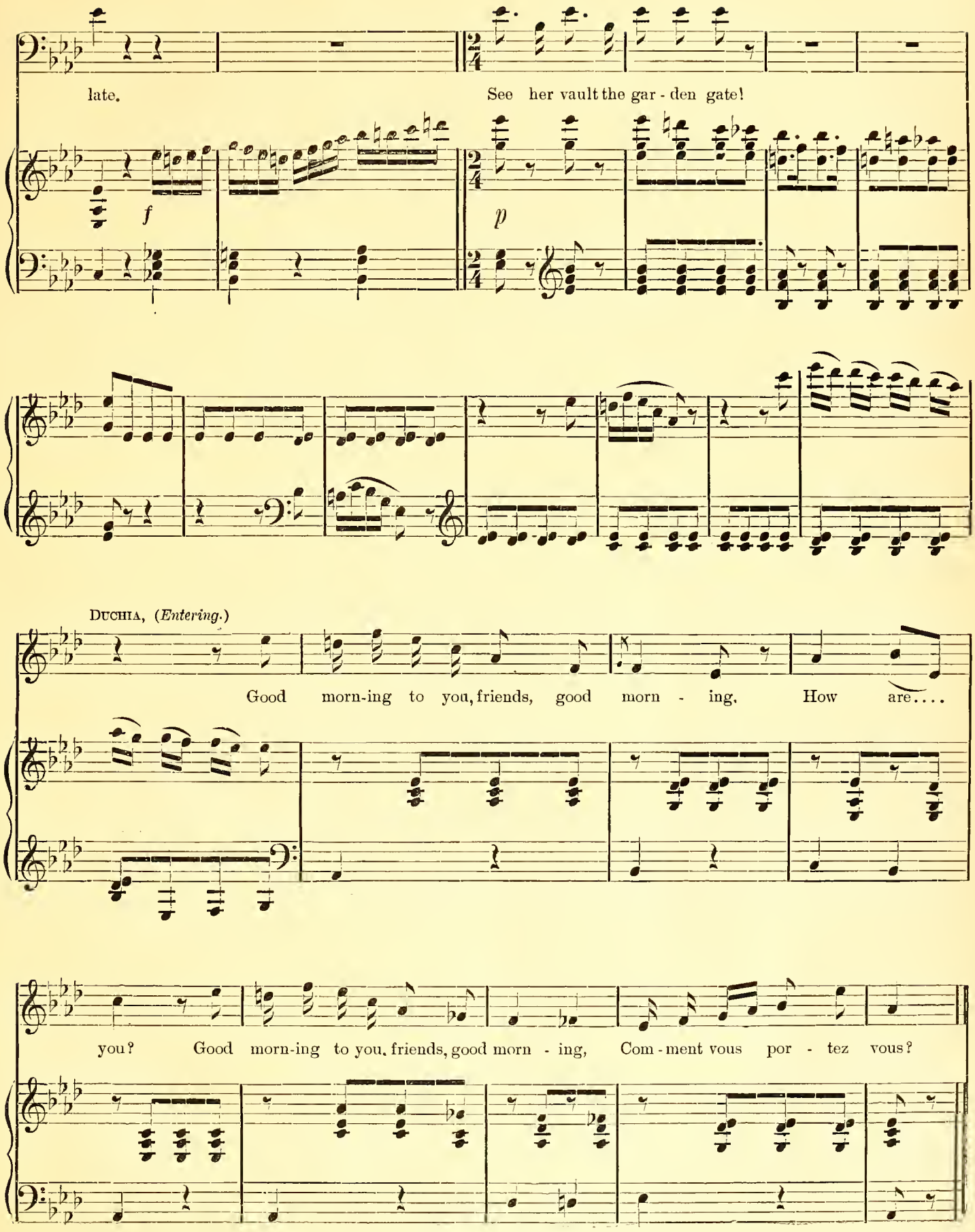
Per-chance.

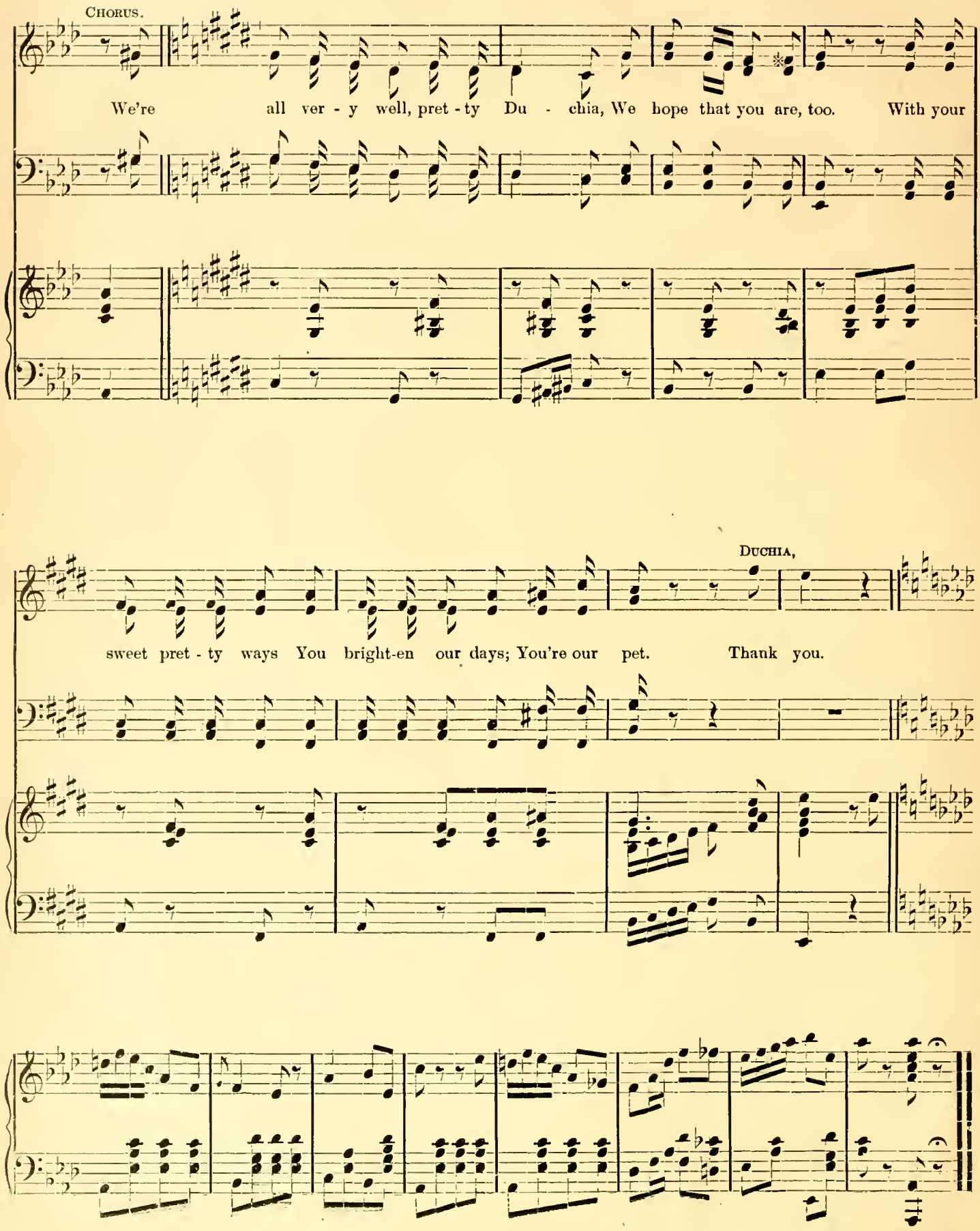
Andante.

BITTERS. (*Looking out of window.*)

Ah! here comes Duchia, she is

p


late.
See her vault the gar - den gate!
f
p
Duchia, (Entering.)
Good morn-ing to you, friends, good morn - ing, How are....
you? Good morn-ing to you, friends, good morn - ing, Com - ment vous por - tez vous?


Chorus.
We're all ver - y well, pret - ty Du - chia, We hope that you are, too. With your
Duchia,
sweet pret - ty ways You bright-en our days; You're our pet. Thank you.

No. 2. TYPEWRITER'S SONG. (Duchia)

1. Big D - e - a - r, Big M in mam ma, I
2, Give l - o - v - e to all whom you see, What
3. Big G - o - o - d, Big B - - y - e, Your

hope y - o - u a - r - e that you are doub-le u - e doub - le l, Are there
dress did you wear at the aft- er- noon tea? Did Grace wear that bon - net With
d - a - u - h - t - e - r, Where's the g? D - u c - h - - - i - a, I

two l's in well? It reads: "Dear Mam - ma, I hope you are well." I
"Billy" Wings on it? Did Belle wear the dress she has worn since B. C.? I
spell it each day, It reads: "Good-bye, Duchia, your daugh - ter," that's me. My

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Piu mosso.

write all day For scant - y pay, I am a bus - y young miss,
dress in style, Men to be - guile, When shop - ping I walk the street,
fin - gers go, Now fast, now slow, O - ver the let - ters they run,

Staccato.

Click - i - ty, click - i - ty, click - i - ty, click,
Click - i - ty, click - i - ty, click - i - ty, click,
Click - i - ty, click - i - ty, click - i - ty. click,

Presto.

I can't write a kiss, Take this. (*Throws a kiss.*)
With toi - let com - plete, So sweet.
It's real - ly good fun— I'm done.

Piu lento.

p

Presto.

No. 3.

CHORUS.

(Before entrance of Ponce.)

Allegro moderato.

Hail, hail, Hail, hail, Ponce de Le - on, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Ponce de Le - on, A brave old sol - dier he who hath sailed a - cross the sea, His for - tune for to

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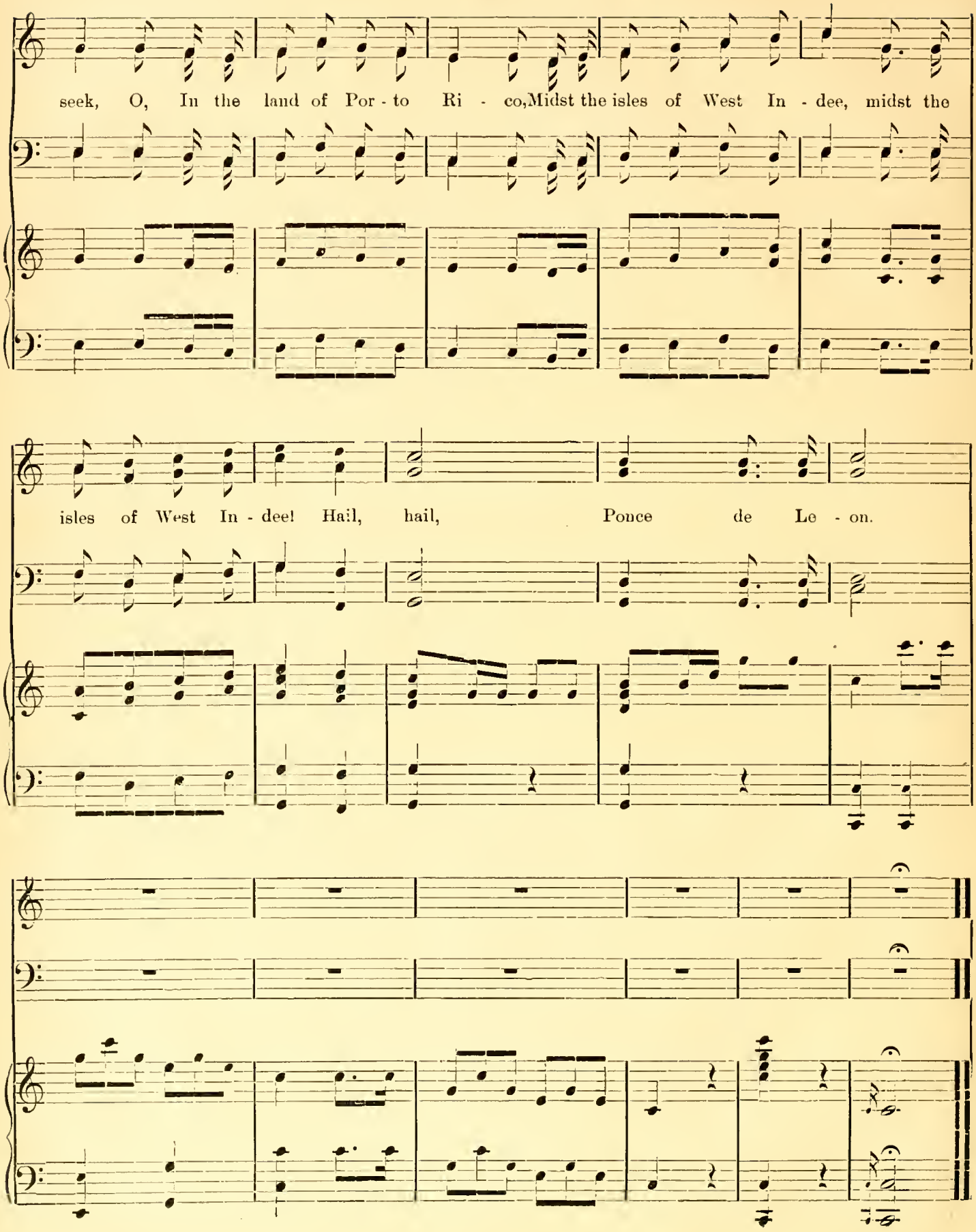
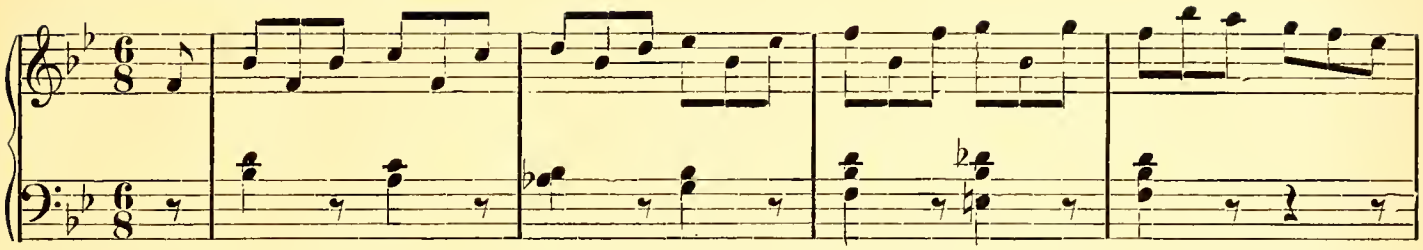

seek, O, In the land of Por - to Ri - co, Midst the isles of West In - dee, midst the
isles of West In - dee! Hail, hail, Ponce de Le - on.

No. 4,

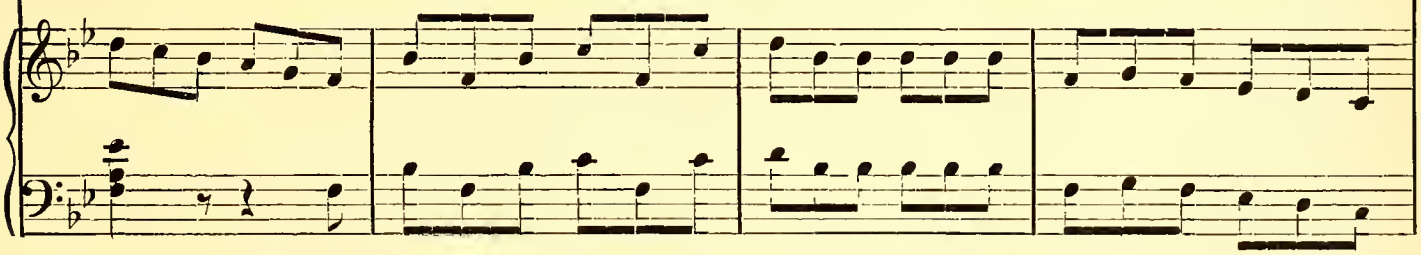
PONCE'S SONG.

Allegro maestoso.



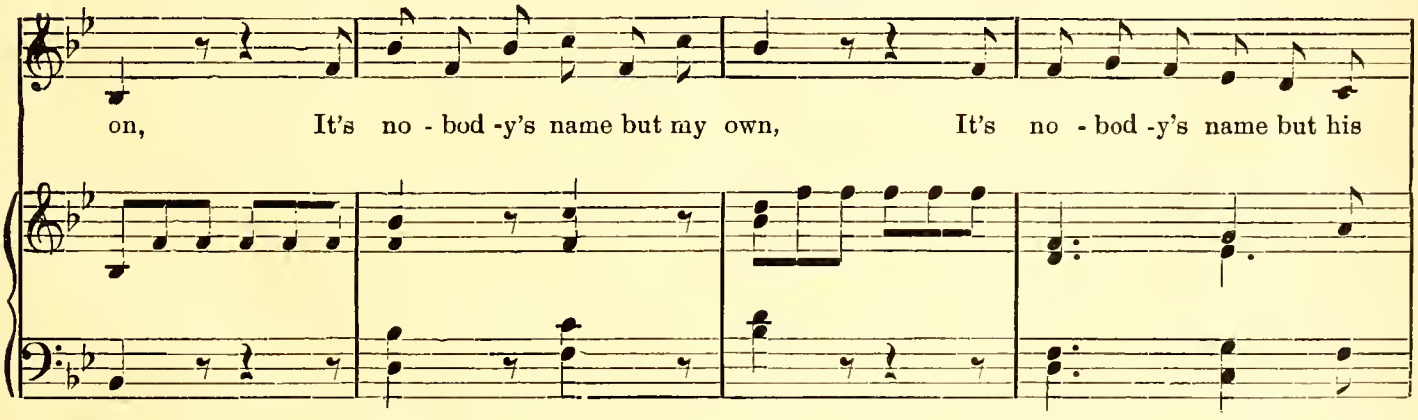
PONCE. CHORUS. (*In unison.*)

My name is J. Ponce de Le - on, His name is J. Ponce de Le -



PONCE. CHORUS.

on, It's no - bod -y's name but my own, It's no - bod -y's name but his



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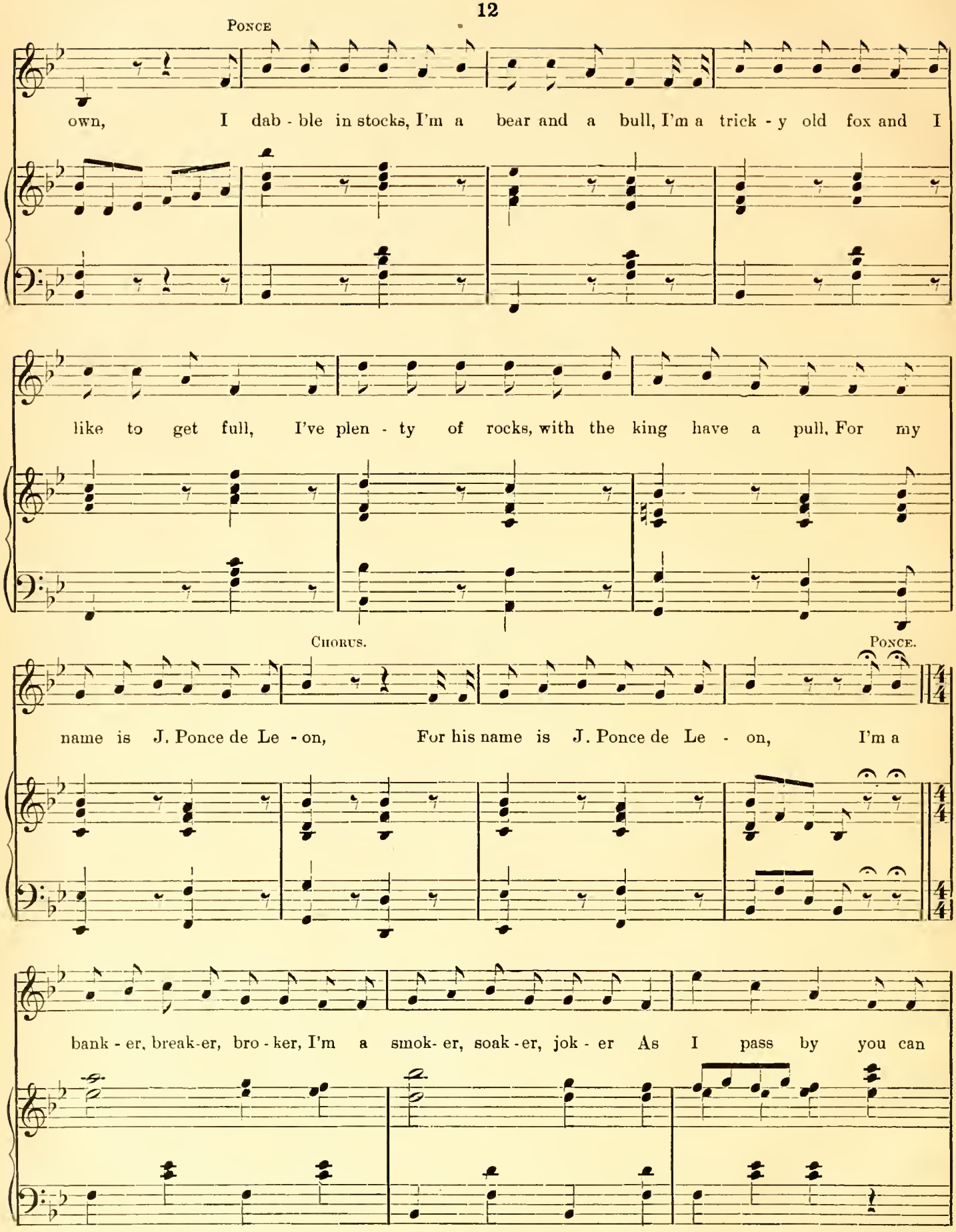
Ponce
own, I dab - ble in stocks, I'm a bear and a bull, I'm a trick - y old fox and I
like to get full, I've plen - ty of rocks, with the king have a pull, For my
Chorus.
Ponce.
name is J. Ponce de Le - on, For his name is J. Ponce de Le - on, I'm a
bank - er, break-er, bro - ker, I'm a smok- er, soak - er, jok - er As I pass by you can

hear the peo - ple cry, Hi, yi, yi, Get off the track, I'm a

Chorus. (*In unison.*)

man of high po - si - tion, and of no - ble dis - po - si - tion, Hi, yo,

Ponce

Chorus.

Bow low! And I hav - n't an - y gold en hair a hang - ing down my back, And he

has - n't an - y gold-en hair a hang-ing down his back.

No. 5, VILLAIN'S SONG. (Bitters.)

Maestoso.

I'm a vil - lain, I, Of the deep - est die, And there's noth- ing too vile for me; It's my con - stant plan To do all I can, In the way of bold vil-lain - ee. There can

Fine.

Fine.

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none re - main, Who op - pose my gain Nor re - main for a sin - gle day; It

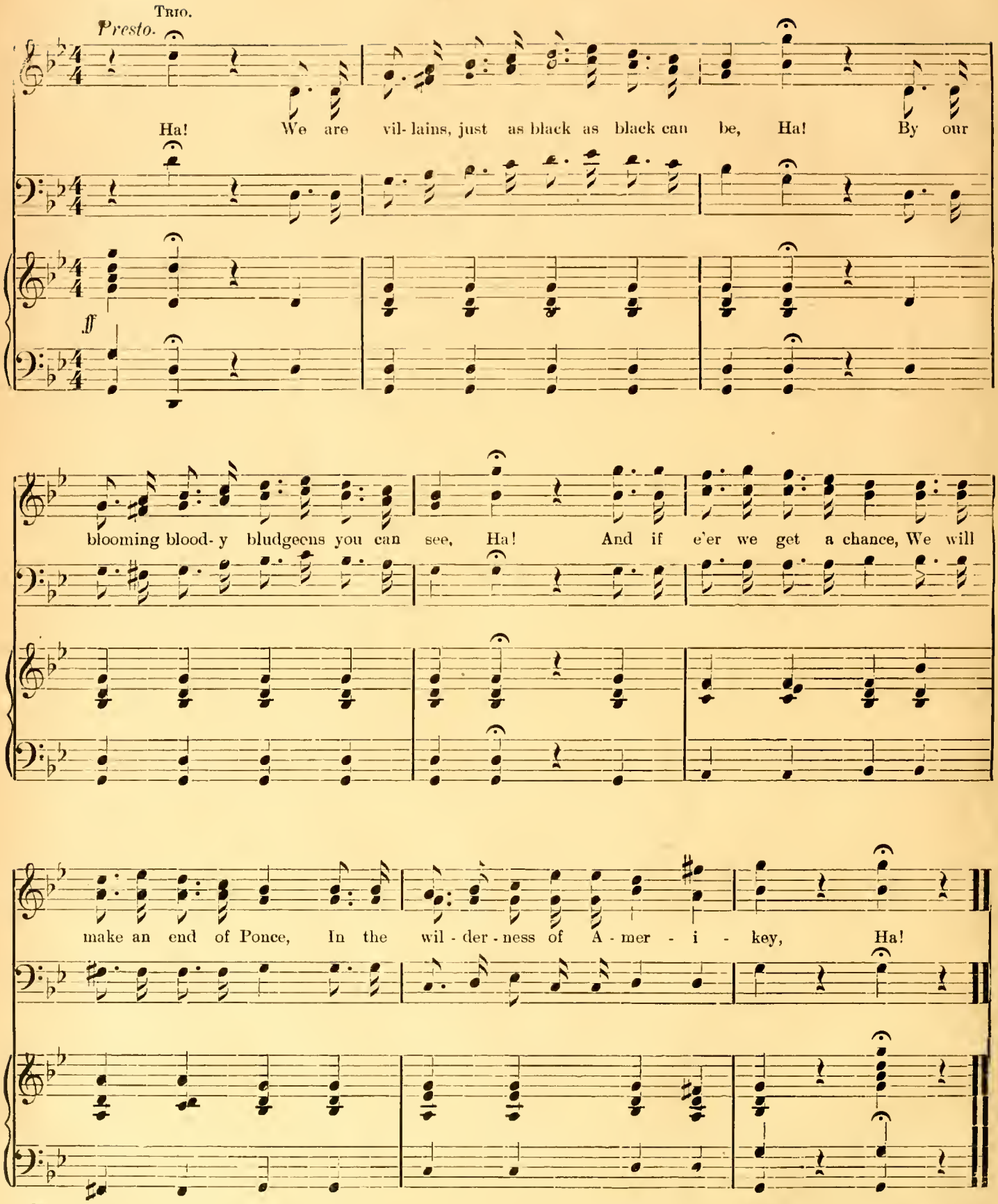
takes lit- tle skill Just to wound or to kill, And the latter's the bet - ter way, So for

Du - chia's love, Ponce must go a - bove, Or else down in the place be - low; For his

doom I'll fix With my wick - ed tricks, And dis - pose of my bit - ter foe. For I'm a

No. 6.

STANDING ARMY.



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No. 7. FINALE. (Act I.)

Allegro con spirito.

We're off, we're off, Hur-

ff

rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, We're off, we're off, Hur-

rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, we're off, we're off, Hur-

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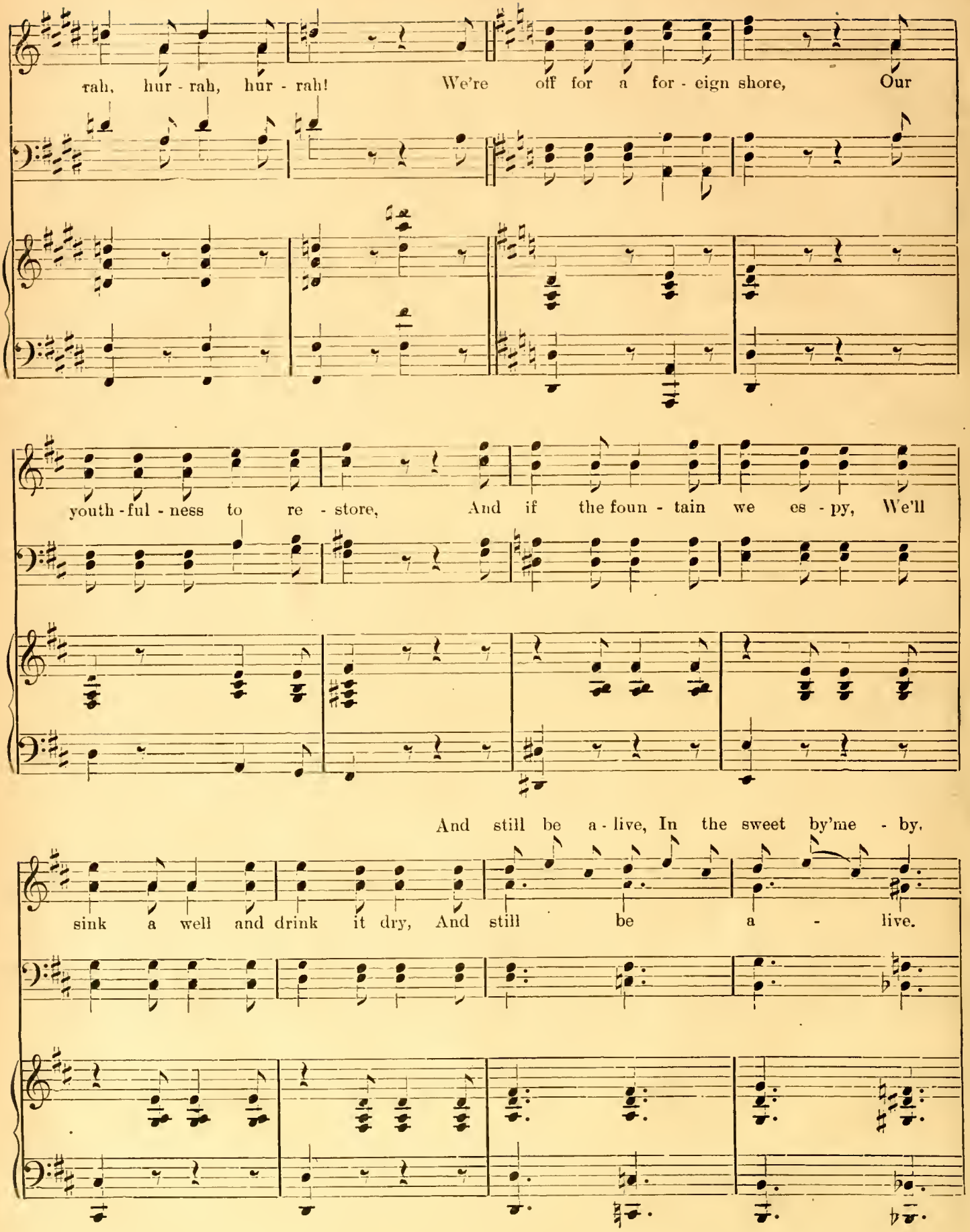
rah, hur - rah, hur - rah! We're off for a for - eign shore, Our
youth - ful - ness to re - store, And if the foun - tain we es - py, We'll
And still be a - live, In the sweet by'me - by,
sink a well and drink it dry, And still be a - live.

Bub - bling, Bub - bling swig. We're off, we're off, we're

off, we're off, We're off for a for - eign shore!

Tempo di valse.

May Nep - tune guide and pro - tect thee on thy

Poco rit *Tempo di valse.*

way o'er the deep..... May the kind moon watch o'er

thee, The breez - es lull thee to sleep..... May the drows - y-eyed

poco rit *tempo*

mer - maids Draw thy bark with silk - en braids..... While at each lit - tle

peek Stars play hide and -seek, And bring thee back safe to me,.....

Piu allegro.

No 1.

SQUAW'S CHORUS.

ACT II.

Allegretto.

1. All the work is done by la - bor of the squaws, For we moil And toil, From sun-rise till the night with-out a kill
2. We hoe the corn, po - ta - to bugs we kill With that mean Par - is green; We feed the pigs, the cows we milk with wood,
3. And when we can say noth - ing, we saw wood, Nor are lax With the axe, Which the chick-en gets when-ev-er used for

f

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pause, A - farm - ing and a - till - ing of the soil; And the
skill, And the hors - es ev - 'ry month we cur - ry clean. And the
food, When we smite his neck with wick - ed weigh-ty whacks. And the

on - ly rec - re - a - tion of a squaw Is to chaw, And chaw, And a

Plan - et plug to pun-ish with her jaw, As she works a - way her hus-band to sup-port.

No. 2.

WARRIOR'S CHORUS.

Allegro.

f

cres.

War ack, hawk hack, war ack, hawk hack! We've been on the en - e - my's track; We have slain their braves, And their squaws made slaves, And doz - ens of scalps brought

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back, War ack! War ack, hawk hack, war ack, hawk hack! Nor

Nor cour - age, nor cun - ning we lack, hawk hack, war

cour - age, nor cun - ning we lack. hawk hack! Their blood we have spilled, Their

ack, hawk hack, war ack, hawk hack! Their blood spilled,

chief we have killed, And their wam - pum brought home in a sack, War ack! War

chief killed, And their

ack. hawk ack, war ack, hawk ack! For fight- ing we've just got the knack; We

poco rit.

foot- ball can play, And Yale can say, If we failed in defense or at - tack, War ack, war ack!

No. 3. INDIAN MAIDENS.

Allegretto.

p

poco rall.

SOLO,

1. Ere the set of sun, With tasks..... all..... done, We .....
2. We know not the waltz, Our "Yorke".... has its faults, But we
3. But when you've said all, 'Tis this..... has the call, And to

TUTTI.

gath - er the time to be - guile; And nev - er too long Is our
know how to gig - gle and flirt; And if our poor tunes Won't
end with it al - ways we plan; If pol - kas we want, And dance

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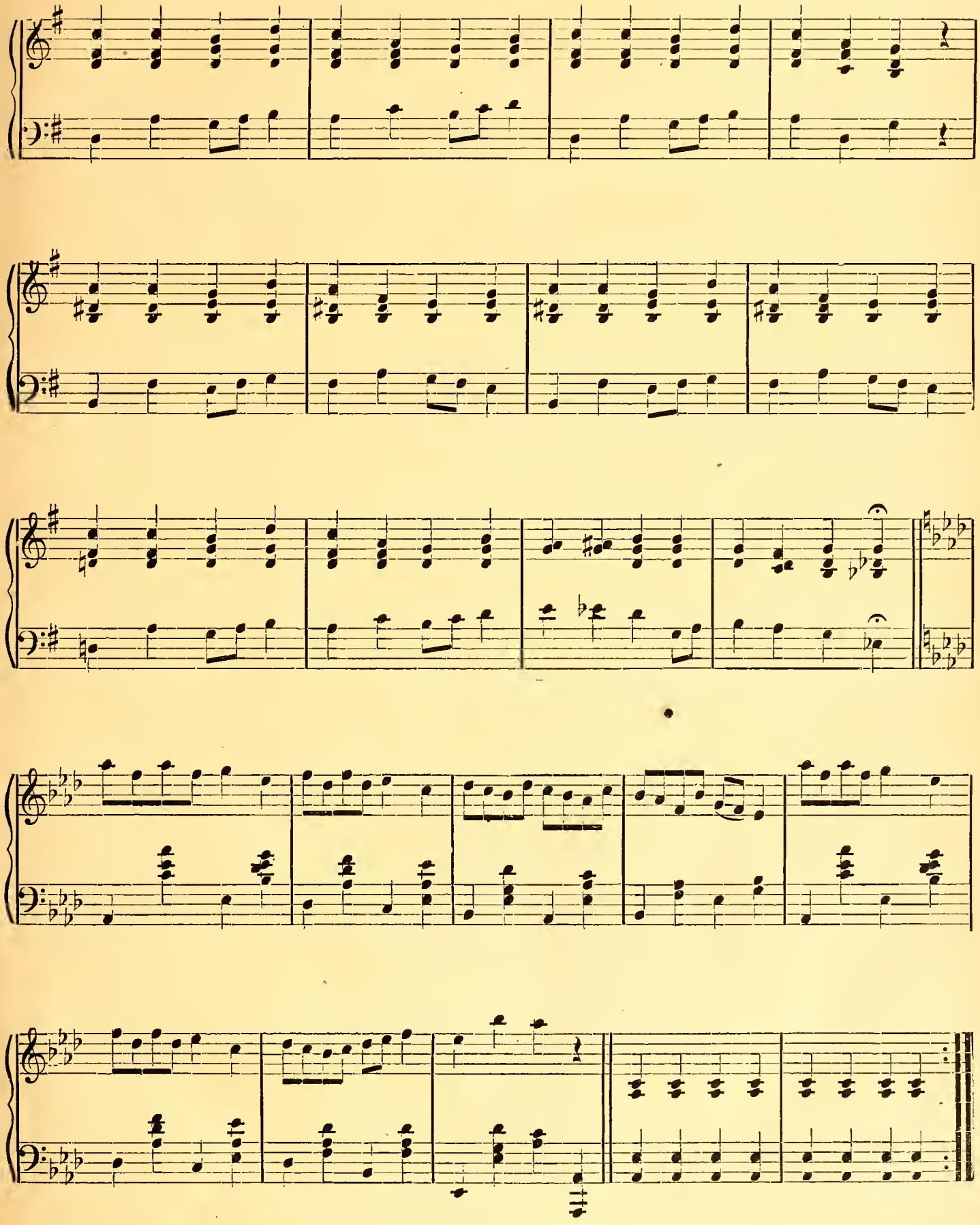
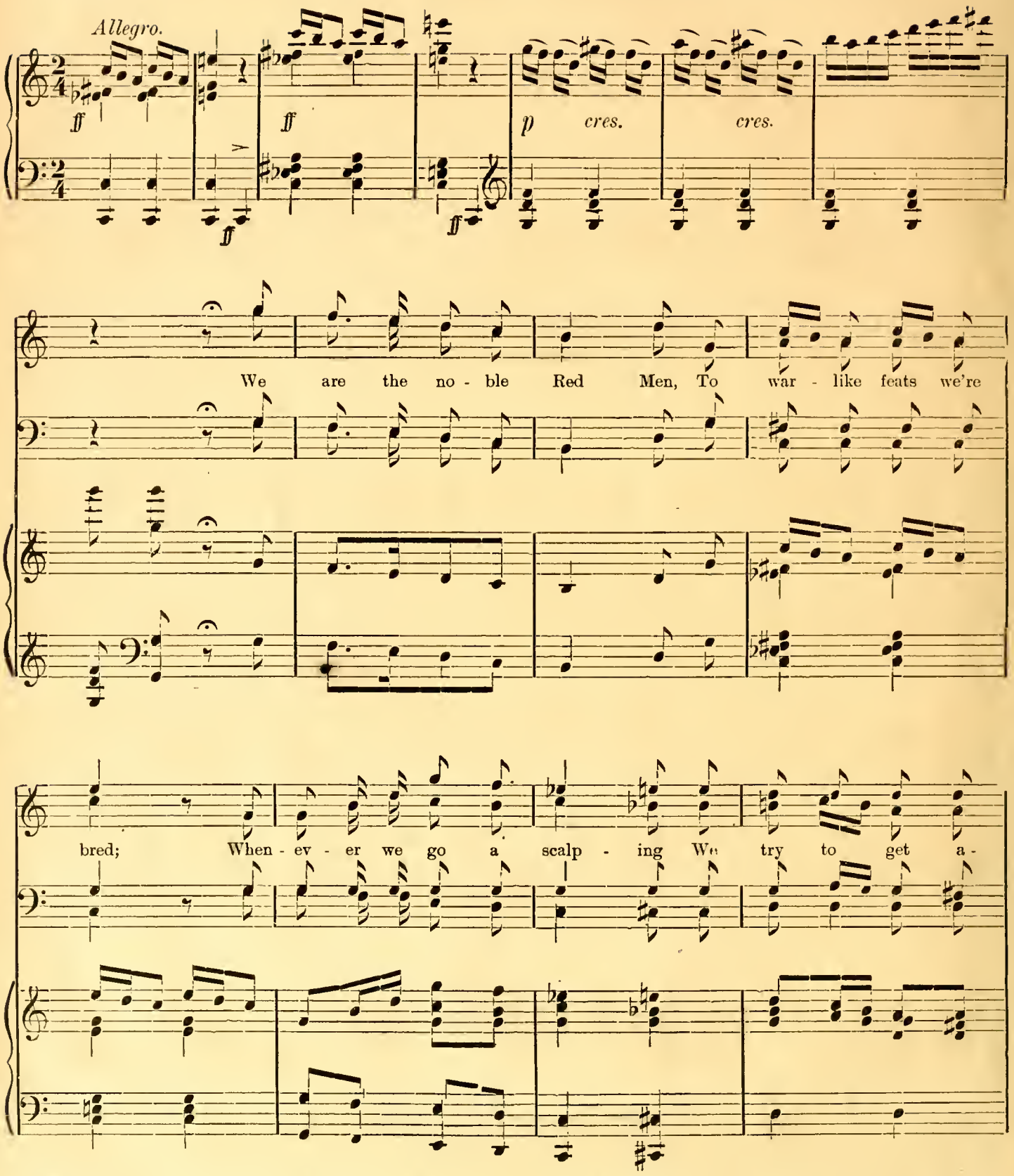
dance.... and our song, And we mer - ri - ly..... laugh all the
fit..... rig - a - doons, They will fit..... the..... dance called the
"Ek - - roys" we can't, We are sure..... the..... can - can we

while, And we mer - ri - ly..... laugh all the while.
skirt, They will fit..... the..... dance called the skirt.
can, We are sure.... the..... can - - can we can.

DANCE.



No. 4, GRAND CHORUS OF INDIANS.



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head, And you should not de - spise us, We've oft - en heard it

said..... By man - y col - lege stu - - dents That they weren't worth a

Red.

No 5.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Allegretto.

1. You per-haps have oft-en won-dered what may
2. Wo-man's first ill-time pro-ced-ure was in

be the creat-ure's name, Whose con-tempt for skirts and pet-ti-coats has brought to her such fame; Now its
mak-ing cloth bal-loons, Which were used to hide her arms in like a pair of port-ly moons, Thus pre-

an-ces-try and ped-i-gree I'll pres-ent-ly re-veal, While you
vent-ing an-y court-ing which would suit a lov-er's taste, For you

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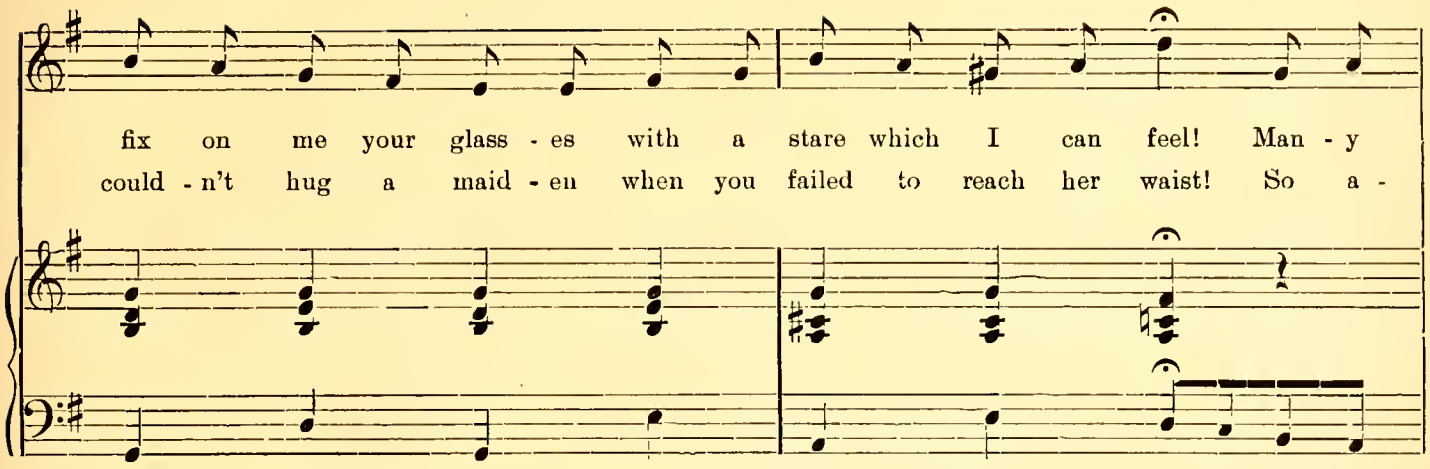
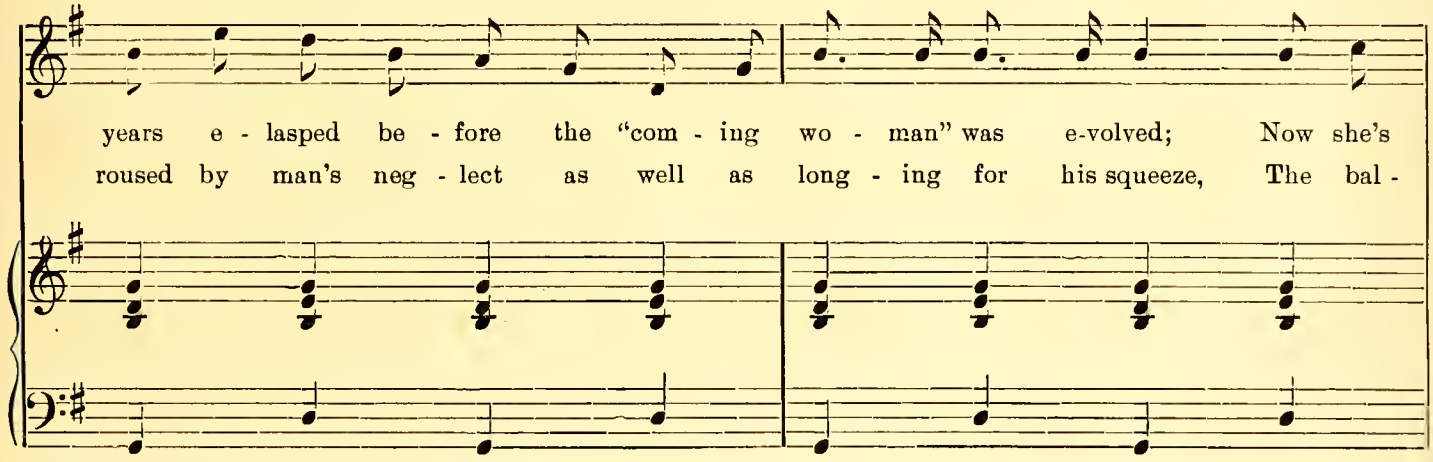
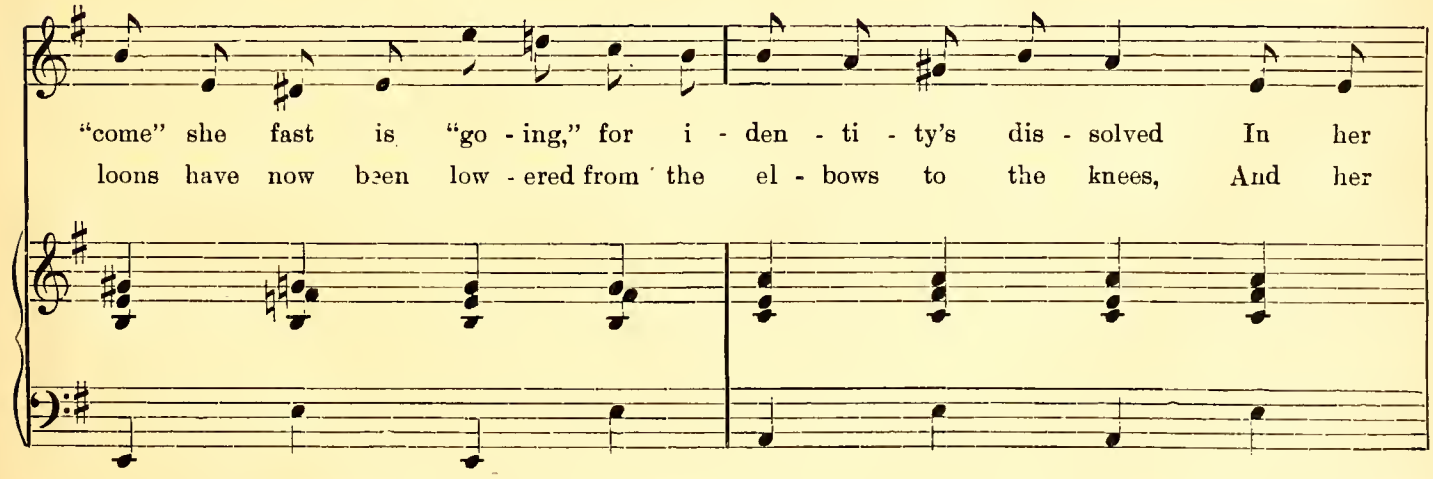
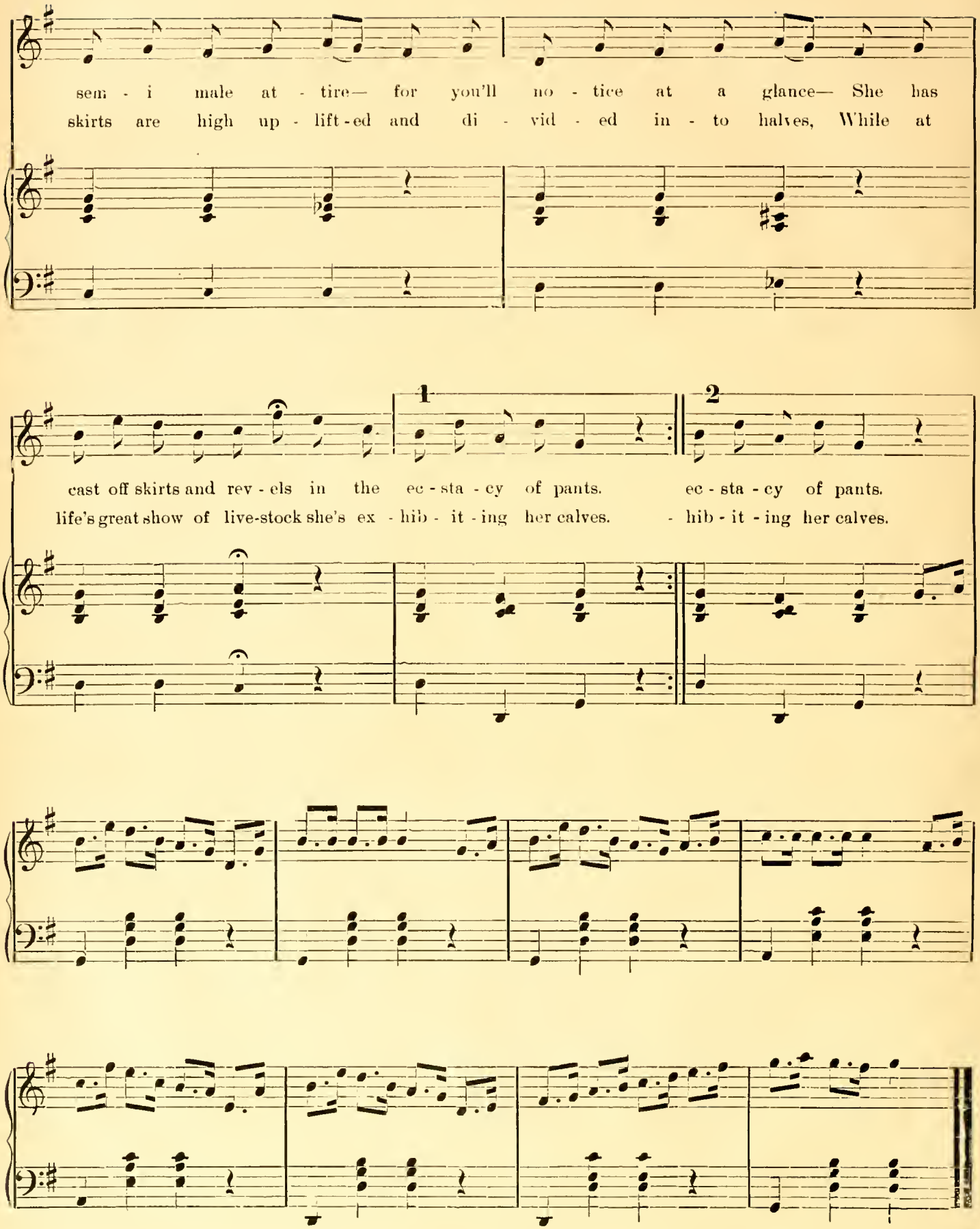

fix on me your glass - es with a stare which I can feel! Man - y
could - n't hug a maid - en when you failed to reach her waist! So a -


years e - lasped be - fore the "com - ing wo - man" was e-volved; Now she's
roused by man's neg - lect as well as long - ing for his squeeze, The bal -


"come" she fast is "go - ing," for i - den - ti - ty's dis - solved In her
loons have now been low - ered from the el - bows to the knees, And her


sem - i male at - tire— for you'll no - tice at a glance— She has
skirts are high up - lift - ed and di - vid - ed in - to halves, While at
1
2
cast off skirts and rev - els in the ec - sta - cy of pants. ec - sta - cy of pants.
life's great show of live-stock she's ex - hib - it - ing her calves. - hib - it - ing her calves.

No. 6.

MINNIE HE-HE.

1. He's a styl - ish man, And his
2. Sol - dier num - ber three Would - n't

hat is la - beled "Knox" Won - der if he can Crease his
dare to come in late, Hide his wig - wam key, And I

"trow" and mend his socks? Sew - ing sel - dom suits my grade,
would - n't ar - bi - trate; Pa - pa'd pad - dle my pa - poose,

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1st Man. Minnie.

He must buy clothes "read - y made", Say will I do? No, not you.
While I'm out on some ex - cuse. Will you be mine? No, I de - cline.

(*To Audience.*)

He's too much work I'm a - fraid, It's ver - y hard for me To
He's too eas - y, lit - tle goose. It's ver - y hard for me To

choose from sol - diers three, Since a "hard up" Eng - lish duke, Has - n't crossed the sea. If

I can't get a "ti - tle." I'll take the thing next vi - tal, And

that's a Span - ish al - der - man with big "sal - ree," And that's a Span - ish al - der - man, with

big "sal - ree!"

DANCE.

Allegro.

1

2

No. 7. WE ARE PONCE'S STANDING ARMY.

Unison throughout.

ARMY. TRIO.

We are

GUIDE. ARMY.

Pon- ce's stand- ing arm - y, ev - 'ry man. Sure! We fight, you bet,. as sel - dom as we

GUIDE. ARMY.

can, Sure! When John - ny gets his gun The oth - er way we run. As

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GUIDE. ARMY.

we have al - ways done. Sure! And we sing: We

Vivace.

nev - er en - list, We nev - er re - tire, We're nev - er in sight When
nev - er were young, We nev - er were old, We nev - er tell lies Like
nev - er keep order, We nev - er keep hens, We nev - er keep still, Keep
sang while he played The pi - any - for - tem, We bur - ried them both With-
walk on the sea On bridge of moon-beams, For cav - al - ry horses Ride
nev - er go sailing On pup - py dog's bark, Use fire - fly's..... light For
dy - ing at last, And be - ing real dead, They'll carve on a sign O'er

Cap - 'n yells "Fire!" We nev - er ford streams When pass - ing them by, Af -
one the bell told, We nev - er drink nothing That should - n't be bought, We
in with our friends, One morn - ing down town We met with Sven - gali, Who
out a post-mortem. For of - fice we run And run down a hill, But
night-mares of dreams, We nev - er peal bells, And throw 'way the peals, We
march- ing when dark, And dy - ing at last, And be - ing real dead, They'll
each lit - tle head, "Thev've fought the good fight, And won't fight a - gain, Here

Ending for all but last verse. *Last verse.*

ford them we can't, They're com - ing too high. We
don't take a drop, We take a whole quart. We
flirt ed with Trilby, In Par - a - dise Alley She
nev - er did like To run up a bill. We
nev - er save souls By walk - ing on heels. We
carve on a sign O'er each lit - tle head, "They've
un - der the sod, Lie three good men." That's

GUIDE. ARMY, GUIDE. ARMY.

all we know, you know, you know. Sure! Like us few grow, you know, you know, Sure! If

(*Spoken.*) GUIDE.

we wern't standing here Why, we'd be stand- ing there, Or an - y old where. Sure!

FINALE (Act II.)

No 7. "THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH IS FOUND."

Allegro vivace.

The

f *cres* *cres*

Foun-tain of Youth is found! The Foun - tain of Youth is found! All

ff

ag - es have sung of men who grow young, We've found the hole in the ground, We've

found the i - den - ti - cal spring, The on - ly o - rig - i - nal thing, The

hair on one's chin be - gins to grow in, His face gets ro - sy and round. We've

found the i - den - ti - cal spring, The on - ly o - rig - i - nal thing, The

hair on one's chin be - gins to grow in, His face gets ro - sy and round.

Pyr - a - mids tot - ter and fall, But we will sur - vive them all,

Dy - ing at last is a thing of the past, For the foun-tain of youth is found, The

foun - tain of youth is found, is found, is found, The

foun - tain of youth, the foun-tain of youth, the foun - tain of youth is found! The

foun - tain of youth is found, The foun-tain of youth is found is

found, is found, is found.

No 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

ACT III.

"Long Life To The Mayor."

Allegro Moderato

Long

f

life to the Mayor, The May-or of Ca - diz, The rul - er of this might - y
life to his spouse, Who rules o'er the Mayor, The rul - er of this might - y

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ci - ty, Such boun - ty is rare; No ban - quets like his! That
ci - ty, Long life to his house, And his chil - dren, a pair, That

Piu mosso

he was - n't twins is a pi - ty. So here's to the mayor, Whose
they are both twins is a pi - ty. So here's to the mayor, Whose

So here's to the

old wine we drink, May ev - er he live long and pros - per! With
mayor; May he live and pros - per.

eye - sight fast dim-ming, With wine - glass - es brim-ming, We'll drink to the morn - nig star,

Phos - phor! We'll drink to the morn - ing star, Phos - phor.

Long

No. 2:

CHORUS.

(Return of Ponce.)

"Oh, How Glorious!"

Allegro maestoso.

tr

Oh, how glo - rious! Lo, how glo - rious! See what the May - or may de - vise;
Oh, a mir - acle! Lo, a mir - acle! Max - ims of life are re - formed.

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His gen - e - ros - i - ty Checks an - i - mos - i - ty, Thanks for the Mayor's sur - prise.
Man's in - ge - nu - i - ty Found con - ti - nu - i - ty, A mir - a - cle's been per - formed,

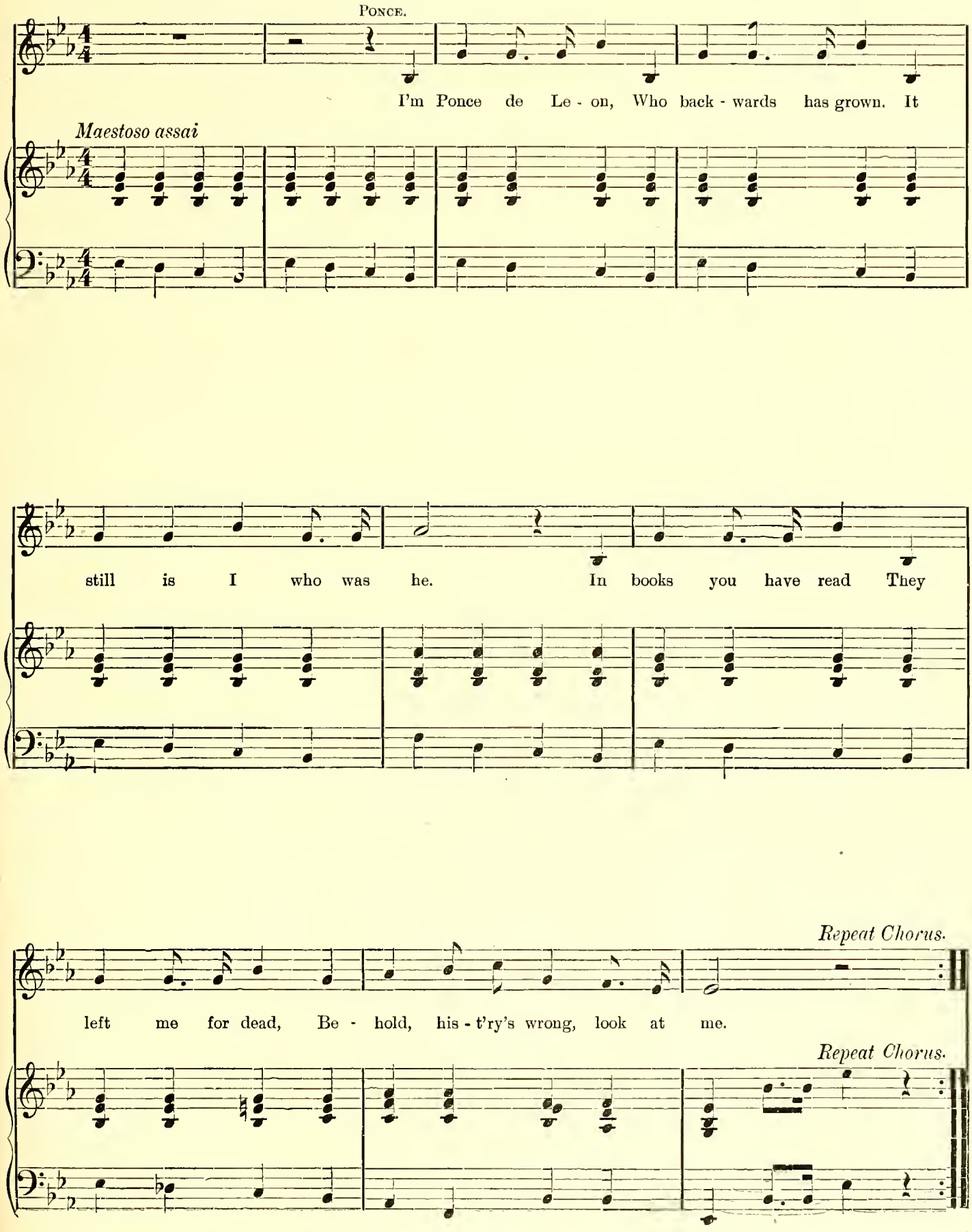
(*Recitative.*)

Sh, sh, what can it be? Look! look! what do we see? Oh! The

ff *trem.*

like was nev - er heard of in his - to - ry.

ff


Ponce.
I'm Ponce de Le - on, Who back - wards has grown. It
Maestoso assai
still is I who was he. In books you have read They
left me for dead, Be - hold, his - t'ry's wrong, look at me.
Repeat Chorus.
Repeat Chorus.

No. 3. SANDWICH MEN'S CHORUS.

1. We're
2. We've
3. We

Allegretto.

not as swell as we might be, To this work we've been driv - en, The
al - ways placed our trust in signs, We are so su - per - sti - tious; We've
walk a - long West - min - ster Street In af - ter - noons and morn - in's, But

great ob - ject of them and me. Is to earn an hon - est liv - in' So
one in front and in be - hind To sat - is - fy both wish - es; So
when we go past Ja - cob Wirth's We're out of sight, we've gone in, So

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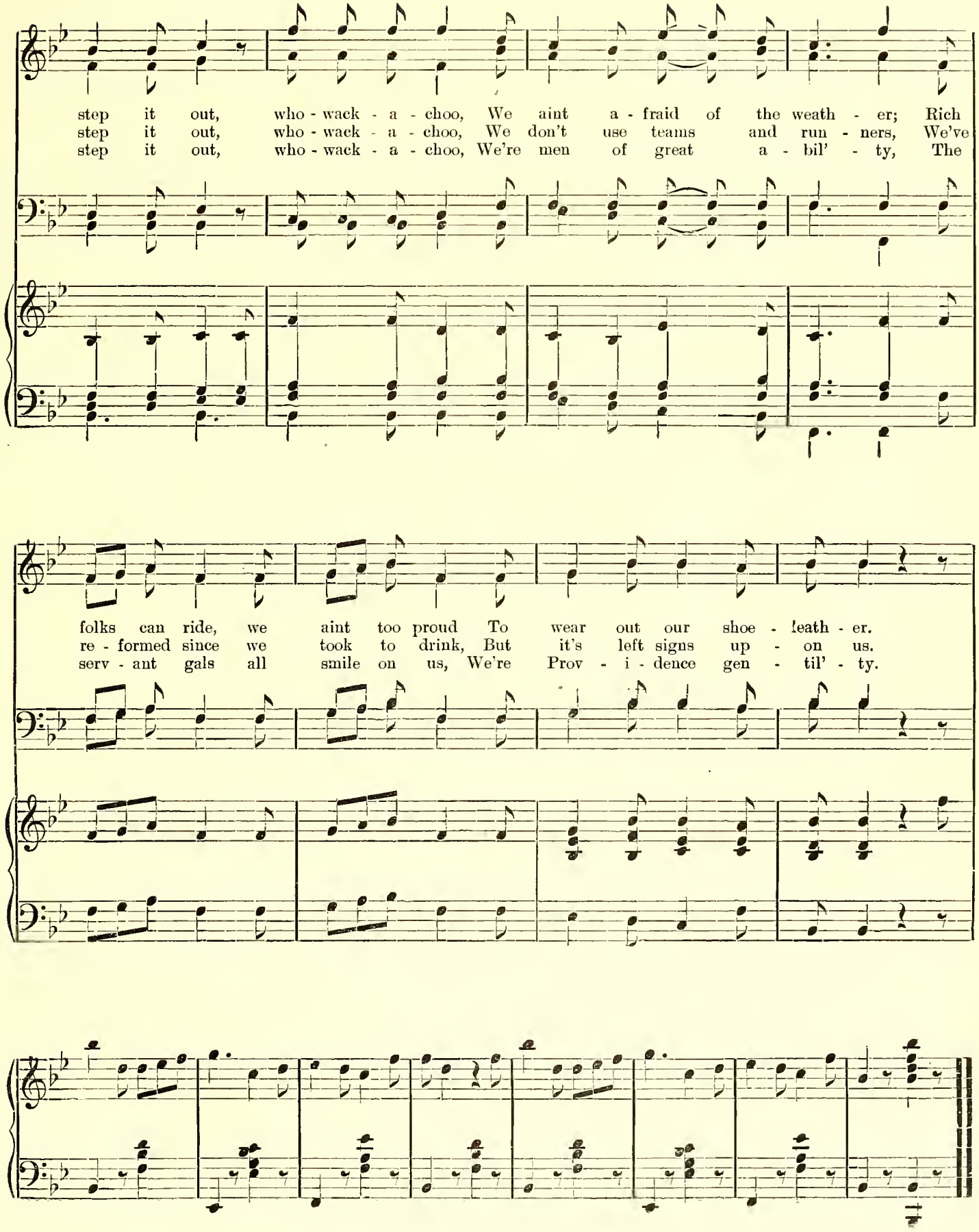
step it out, who - wack - a - choo, We aint a - fraid of the weath - er; Rich
step it out, who - wack - a - choo, We don't use teams and run - ners, We've
step it out, who - wack - a - choo, We're men of great a - bil' - ty, The
folks can ride, we aint too proud To wear out our shoe - leath - er.
re - formed since we took to drink, But it's left signs up - on us.
serv - ant gals all smile on us, We're Prov - i - dence gen - til' - ty.

No 4.

"AH GOO, AH GOO."

Allegretto.

Voices in unison.

We

Babies

sailed a - broad to find a place, Ah goo, Ah goo; To
gave an In - dian brave the wink, Ba - ba, Ba - ba, To
now we're young, good rules we'll make, Ah goo, Ah goo; And

Babies

change the age and change the face, Ah goo, Ah goo. They
show a place to get a drink, Bar Bar, Bar Bar. They
ten com - mand - ments nev - er break, Ah goo, Ah goo. Ah

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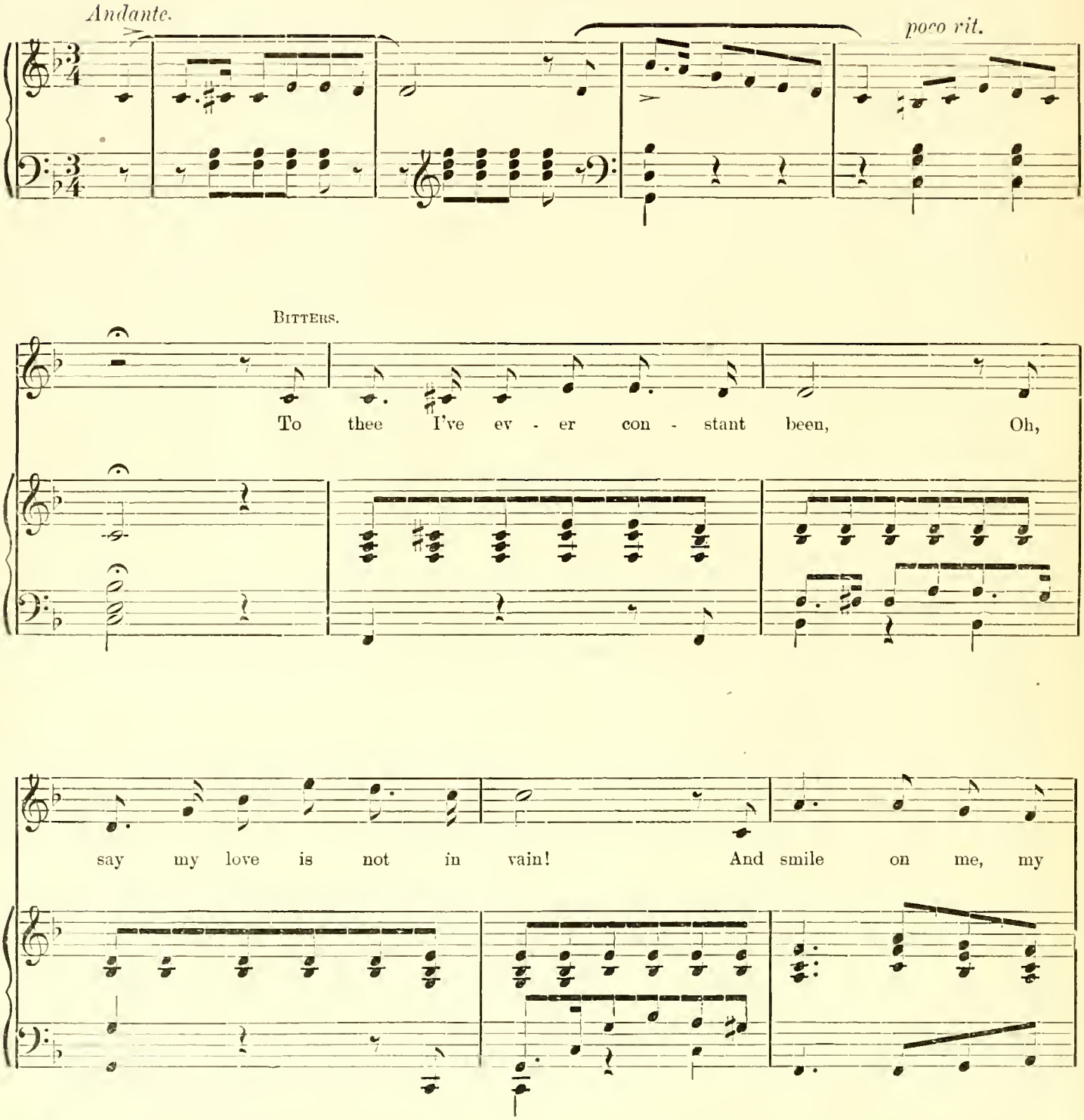
found the store On Flor - i - da shore,
must have got An aw - ful lot,
goo Pa - pa, Ah goo, Mam - ma,

Babies

Ah goo, Ah goo. We
Ah goo, Ah goo. And
Ba ba, Ta, Ta.

No. 5. DUET.—(Duchia and Bitters.)

"Thou as Queen and I as King."



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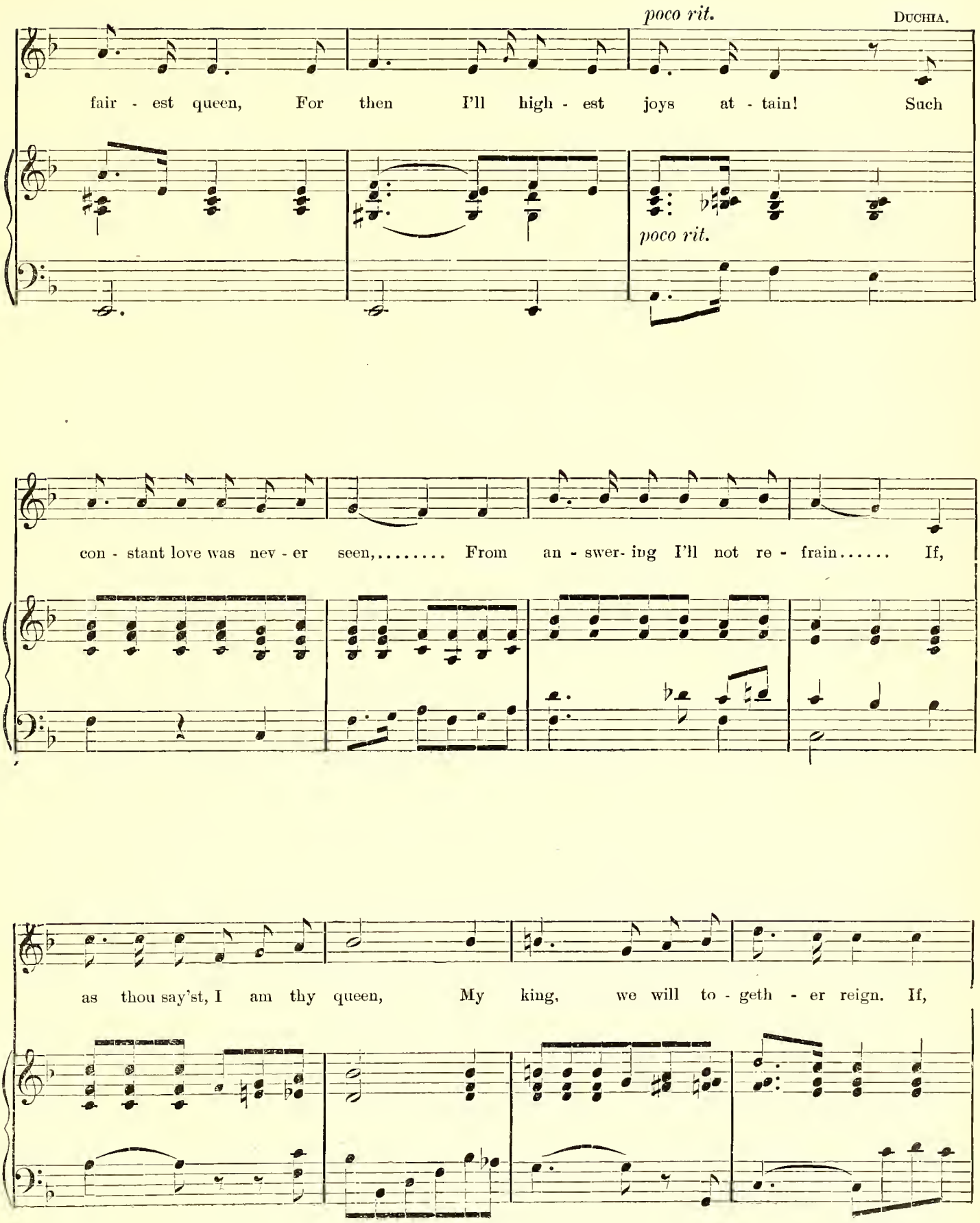
poco rit.
DUCHIA.
fair - est queen, For then I'll high - est joys at - tain! Such
poco rit.
con - stant love was nev - er seen,..... From an - swer- ing I'll not re - frain..... If,
as thou say'st, I am thy queen, My king, we will to - geth - er reign. If,

as thou say'st, I am thy queen, My king, we will to- geth - er reign.

Valse lento.

DUCHIA.

Then thou as king and I as

BITTERS.

Then I as king and thou as

Tempo di Valse.

queen, Will ev - - er - more to - geth - - er reign, And

queen, Will ev - - er - more to - geth - - er reign, And

not the all That may be - fall, Shall mar.... the

joys..... we now at - tain, we now at - - -

tain..... Then .....

rall.

No. 6. DRUNK SONG.—(Bitters.)

1. Whe! What makes the world go 'round? Whe! What feeling I have found;
2. Whe! I see a doz - en men, Whe! I see but one a - gain.
3. Whe! My bo - dy's getting numb, Whe! Where did this walk come from?
4. Whe! What weak-ness in my knees, Whe! There's Macbeth's walking-trees.

Allegro Moderato.

Floor is spin - ning like a top, Try to catch it, it won't stop, Now it's down and now its up.
He is here and he is there, He is gone and ev - ry - where, Fac - es float - ing thro' the air.
Noth - ing hurts me when I fall, Floor don't hit me if I crawl, Cou - tchee-Cou-tchee on the wall.
Nev - er take an ex - tra drop, Al - ways know just where to stop. How many fin - gers have I up?

Whe! I'm ris - ing, Whe! I'm sink - ing Who's the man says I've been drink-ing? Whe!

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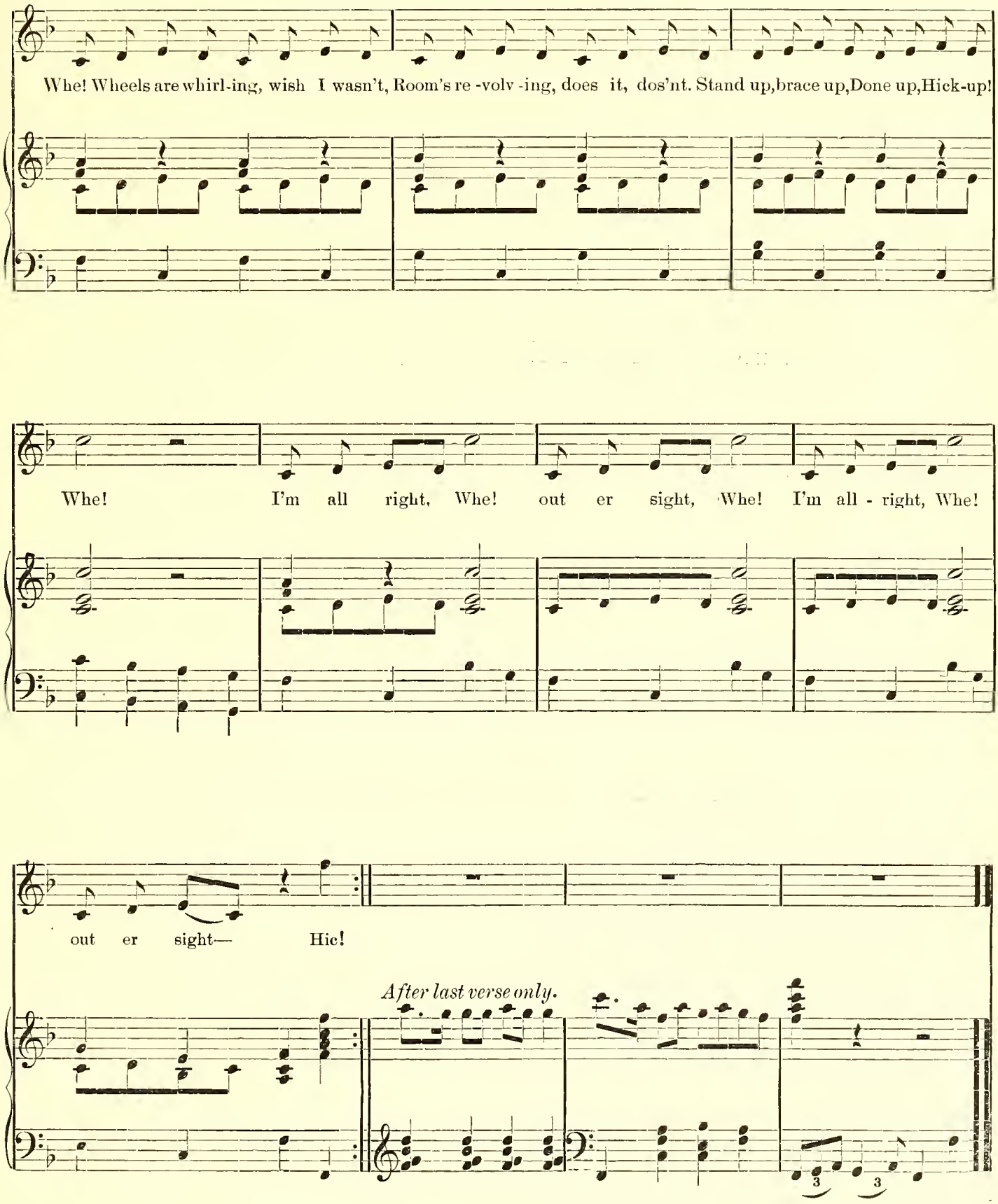
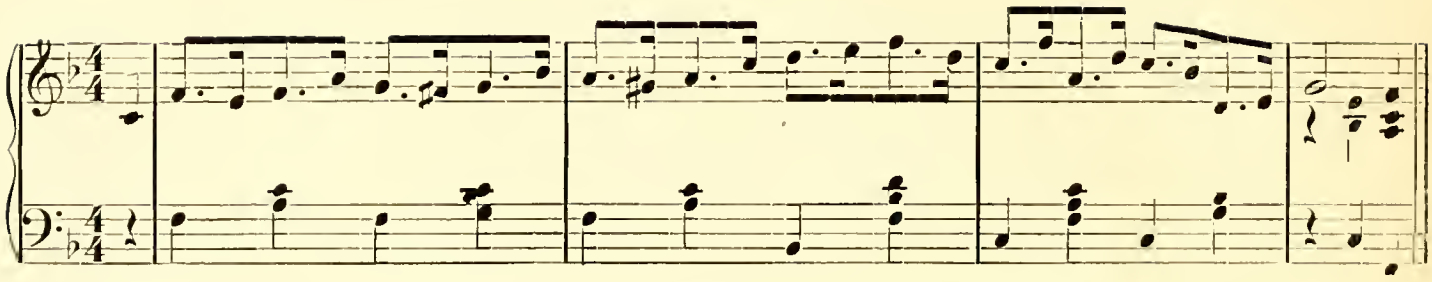
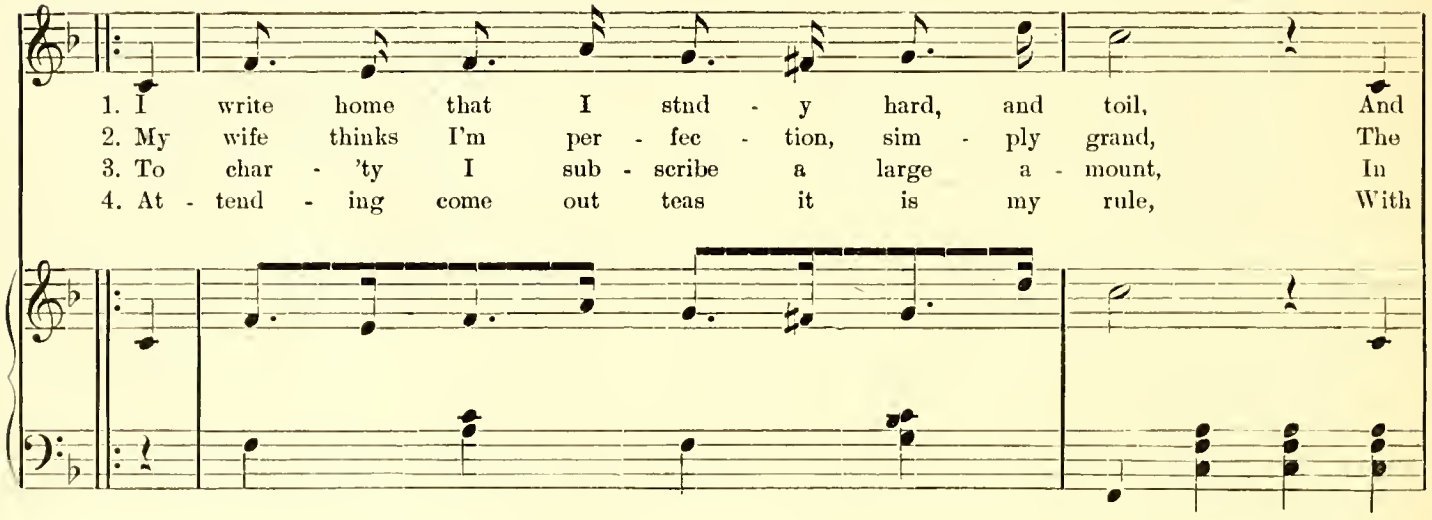
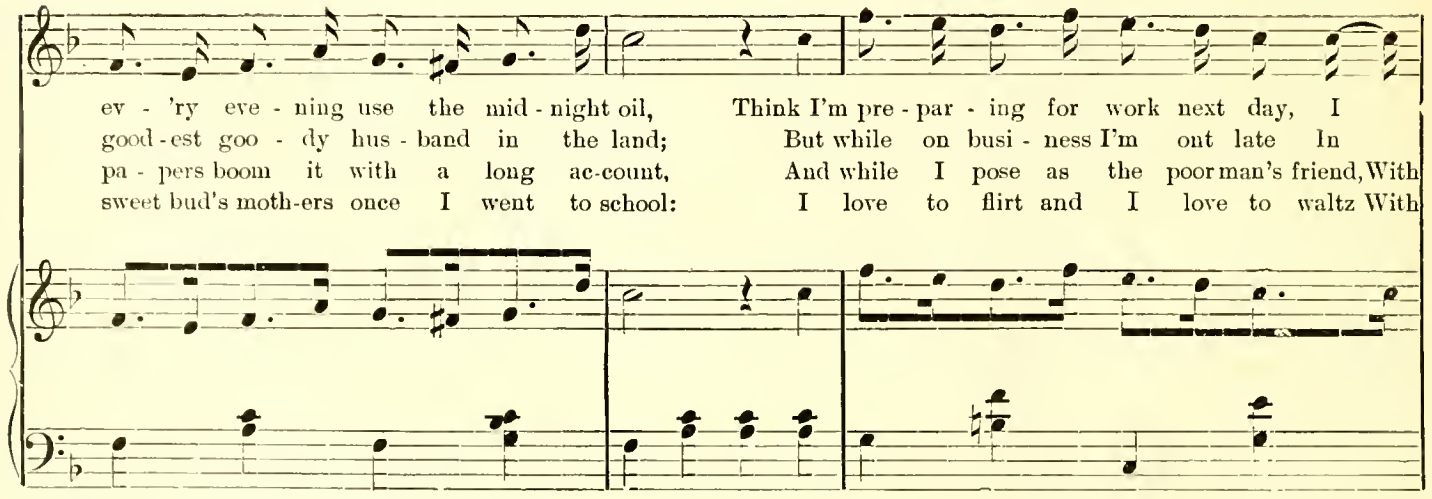

Whe! Wheels are whirl-ing, wish I wasn't, Room's re -volv -ing, does it, dos'nt. Stand up,brace up,Done up,Hick-up!
Whe! I'm all right, Whe! out er sight, Whe! I'm all - right, Whe!
out er sight— Hic!
After last verse only.

No. 7.

ARTIFICIAL HALO SONG.







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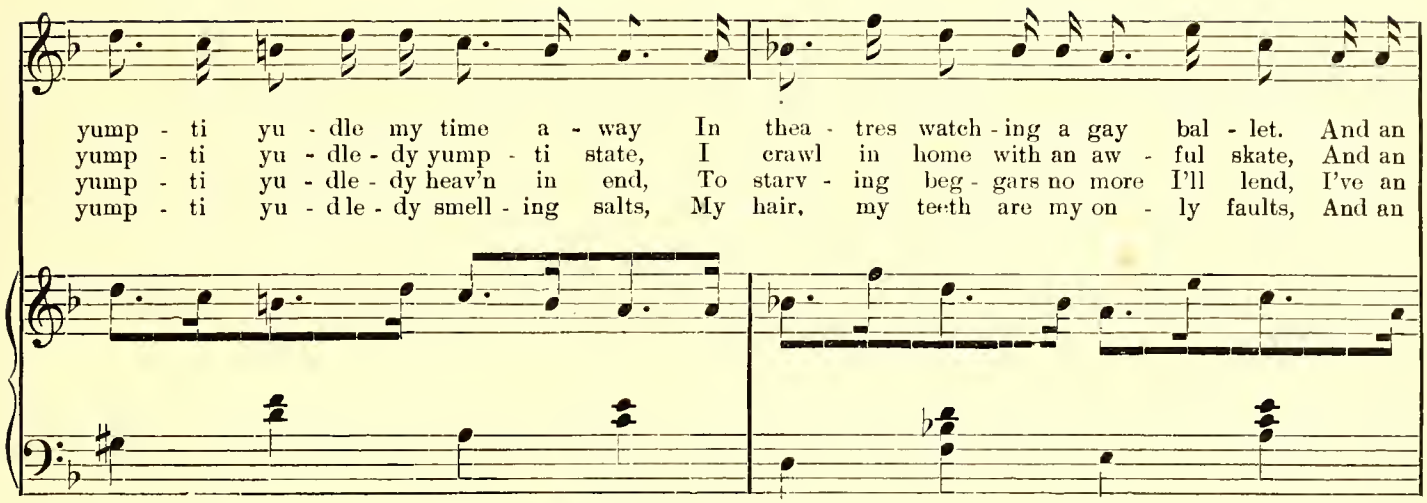
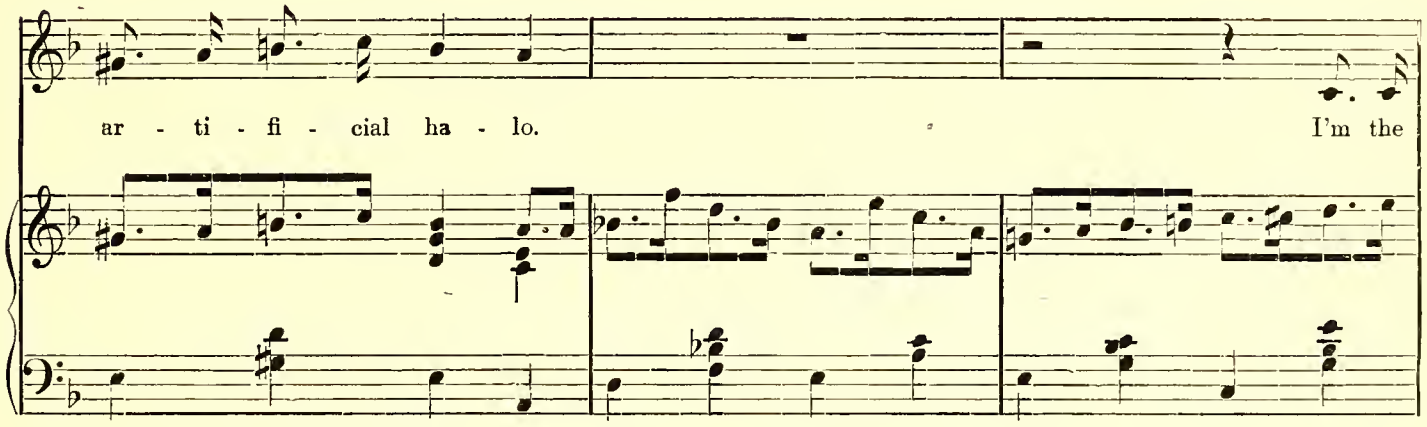
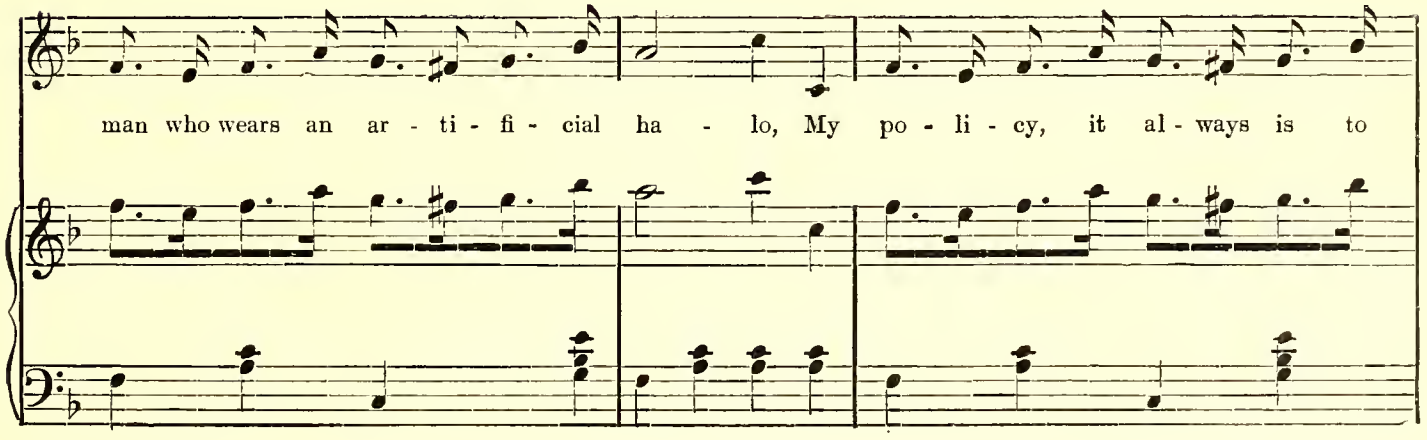
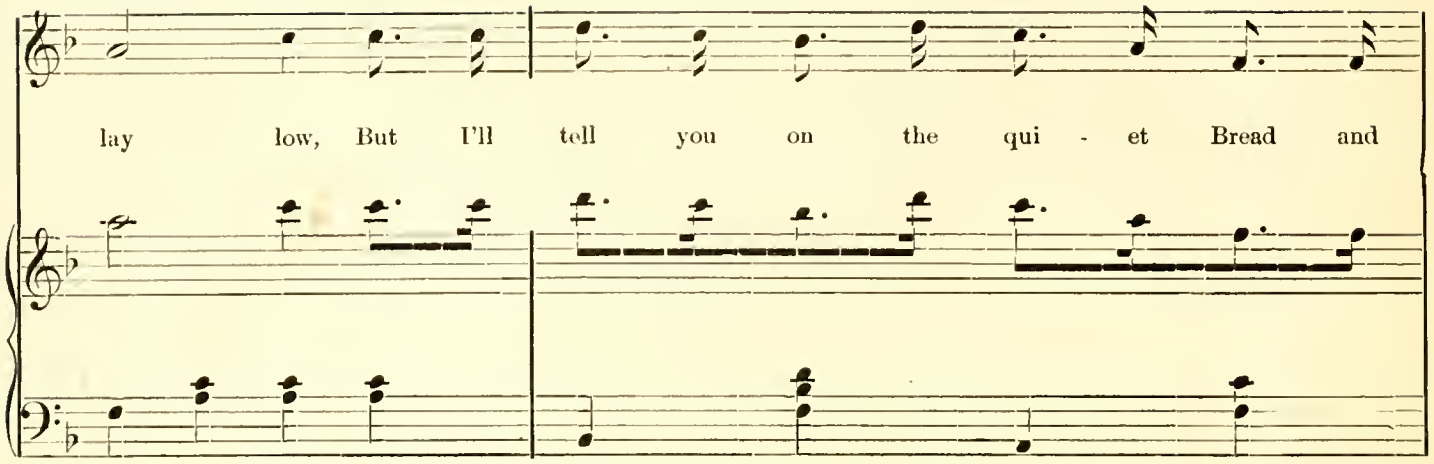
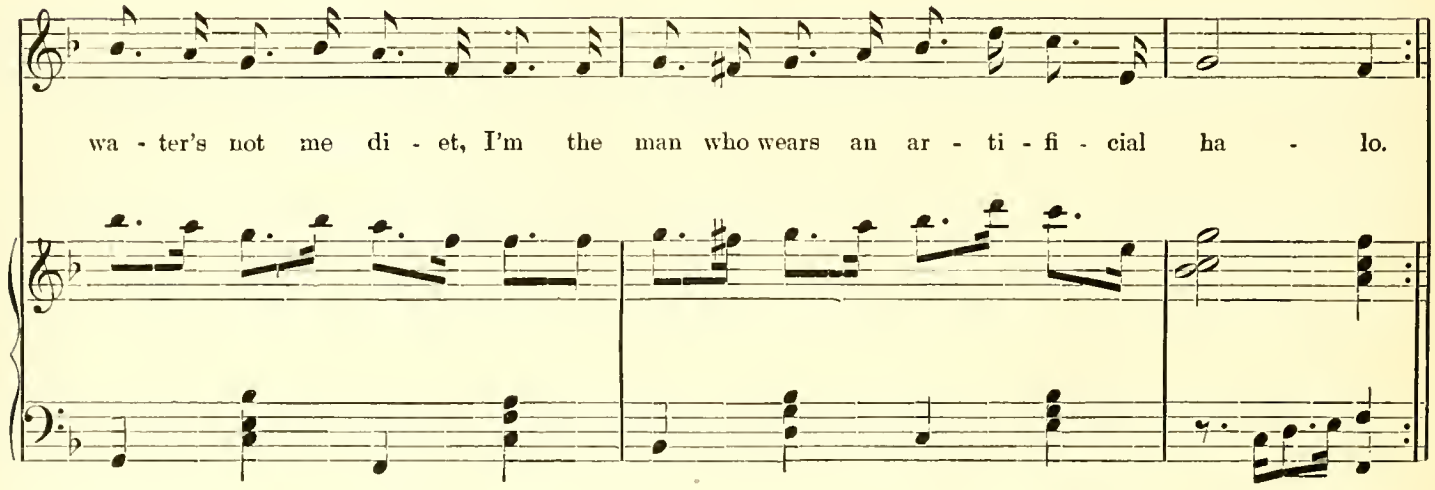

yump - ti yu - dle my time a - way In thea - tres watch - ing a gay bal - let. And an
yump - ti yu - dle - dy yump - ti state, I crawl in home with an aw - ful skate, And an
yump - ti yu - dle - dy heav'n in end, To starv - ing beg - gars no more I'll lend, I've an
yump - ti yu - dle - dy smell - ing salts, My hair, my teeth are my on - ly faults, And an

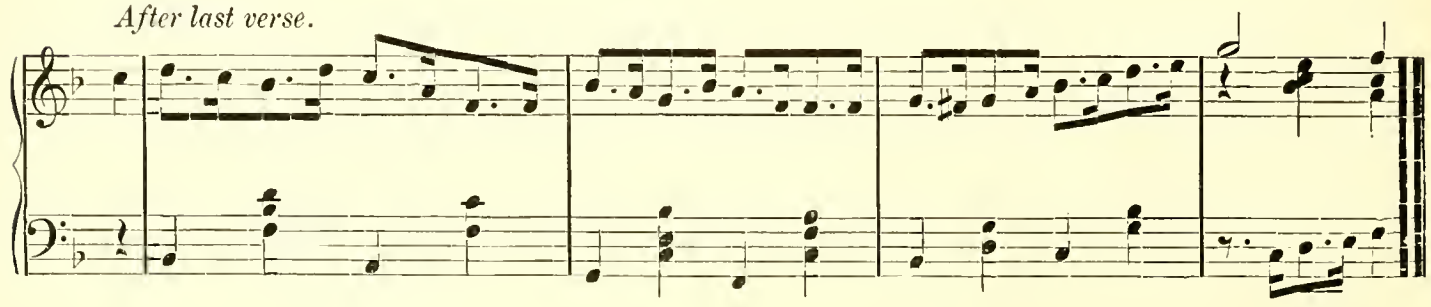

ar - ti - fi - cial ha - lo. I'm the


man who wears an ar - ti - fi - cial ha - lo, My po - li - cy, it al - ways is to

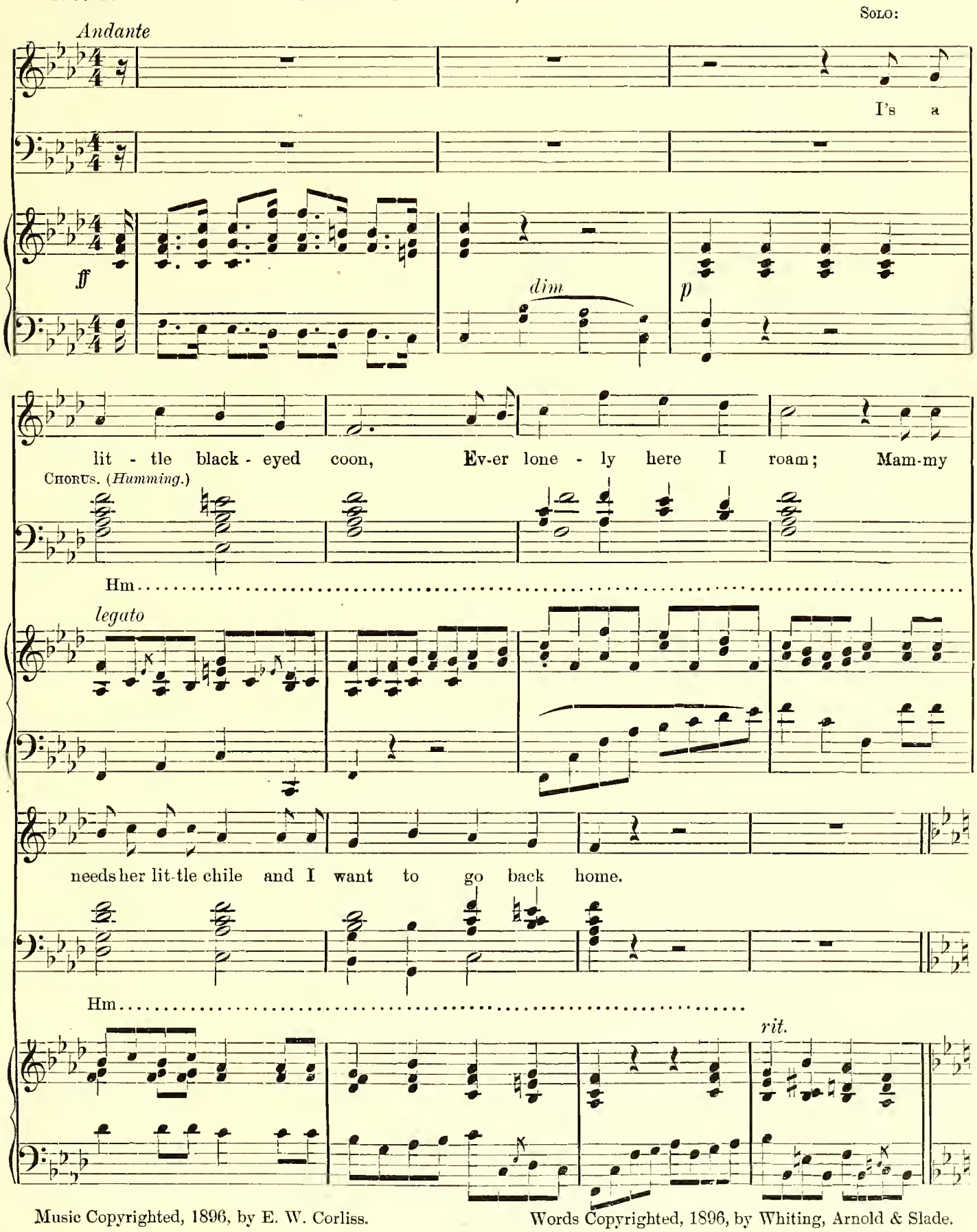




After last verse.



No. 8. "SHO' I'S HAPPY, 'DEED I IS!"



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Piu mosso.

Ya! ya! chi - lens, I'm go - ing home to - mor - row;

Chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, Chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk,

Piu mosso.

Ya! ya! chi - lens, 'F you have-n't mon-ey, bor - row, Ya! ya! chi - lens, chunka -

Chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk,

way your sor - row, Sho I's hap - py, 'Deed I is!

Chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk, chunk.

FINALE.—(Act III.)

No. 9. "Florida Water Did It All."

Allegro.

Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all! Flor - i - da wa - ter

con 8vi.

did it all! Now Bit - ters said that Ponce should die, And schemed his wick - ed tricks to try, But

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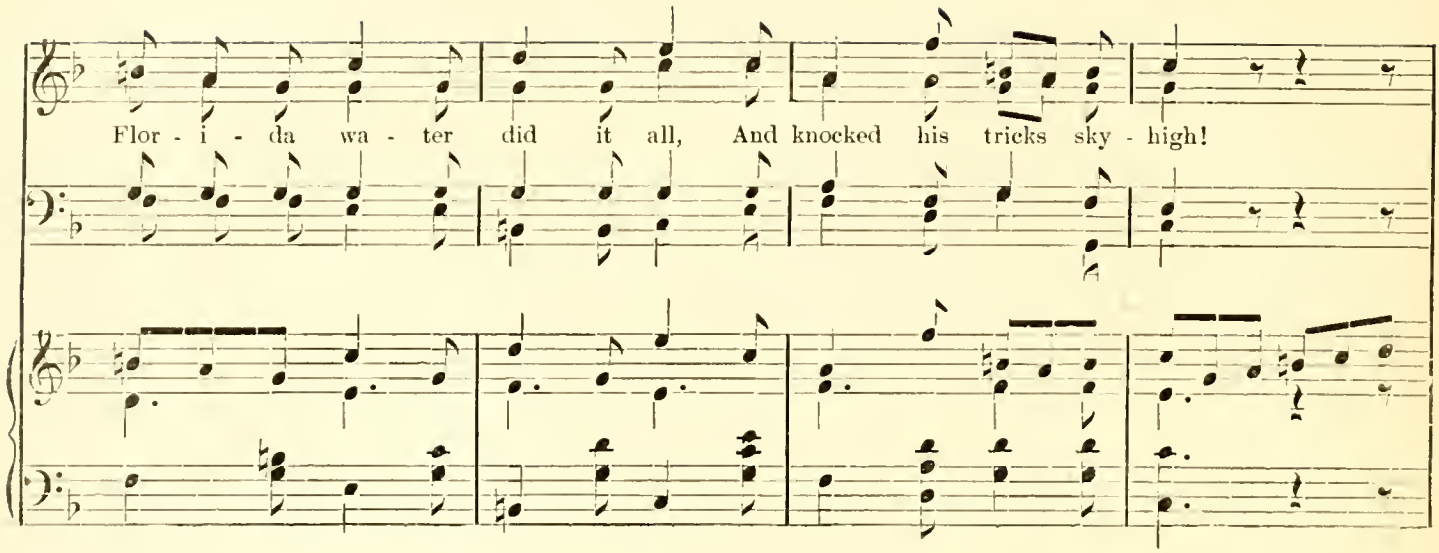
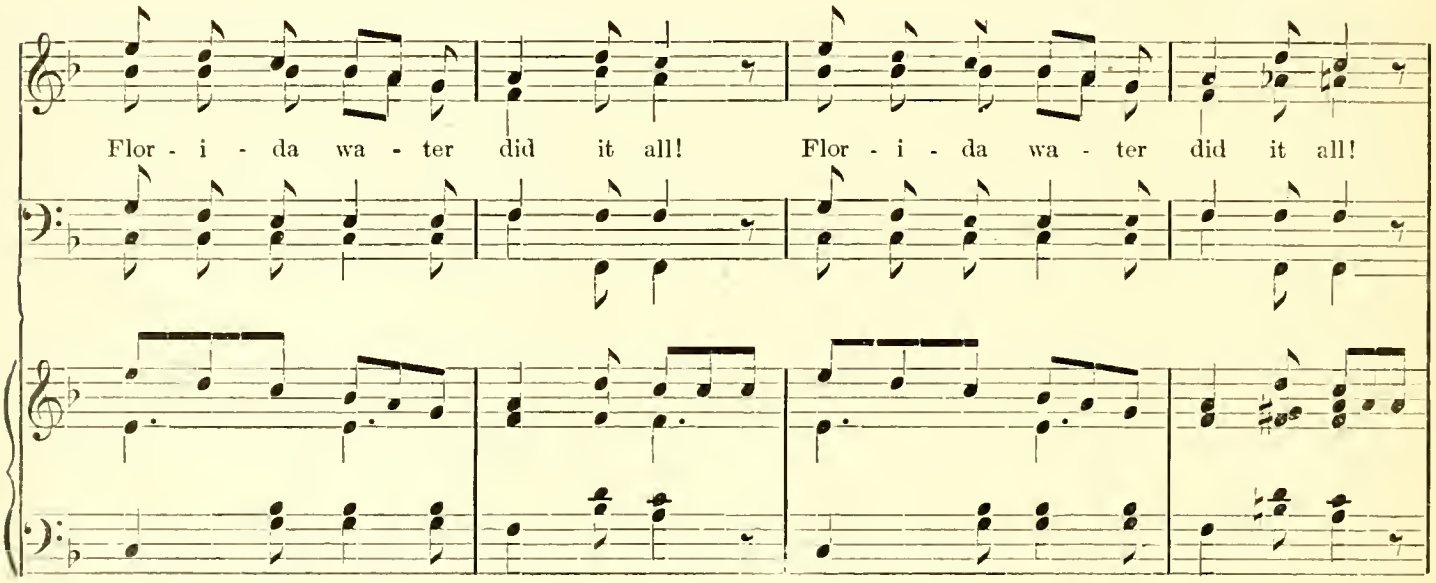
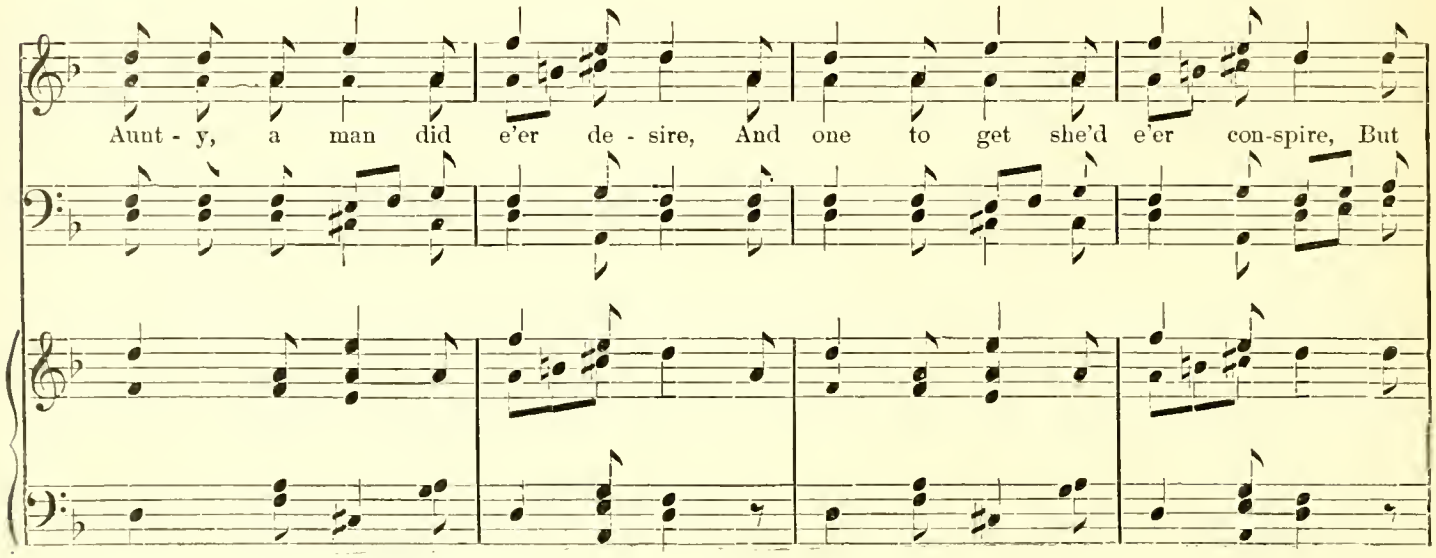

Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all, And knocked his tricks sky - high!


Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all! Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all!


Aunt - y, a man did e'er de - sire, And one to get she'd e'er con-spire, But

Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all. Just see her hus - band by her! ...

Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all! .... Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all! ....

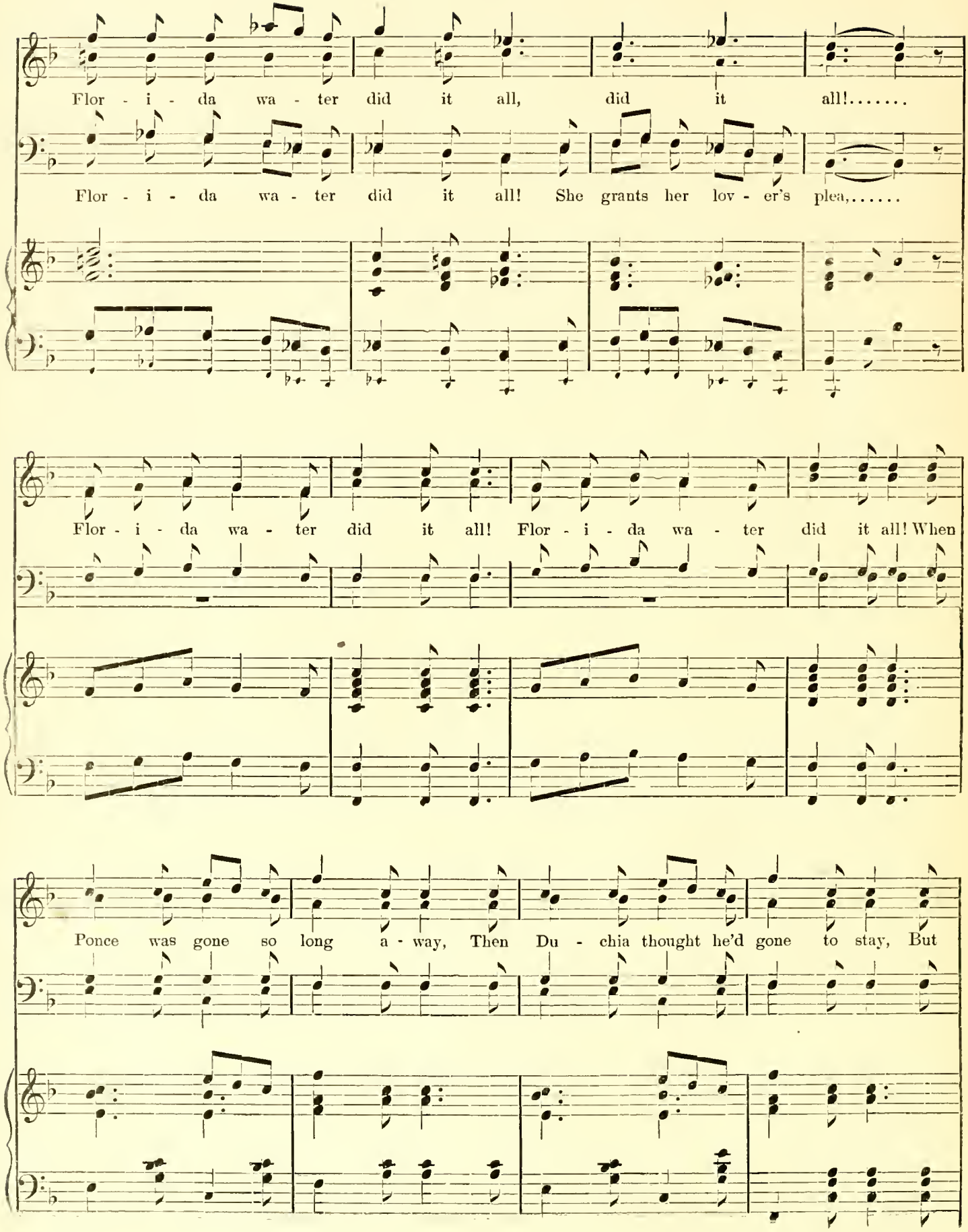
Now

Did it all, did it all, did it all, did it all.

Min - nie thought she'd sin - gle be, And live with her small ba - bies three, But

marcato il basso.

con 8vi ad lib.


Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all, did it all!.....
Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all! She grants her lov - er's plea,.....
Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all! Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all! When
Ponce was gone so long a - way, Then Du - chia thought he'd gone to stay, But

Flor - i - da wa - ter did it all. And Ponce is here to stay.....

poco rit.

Tempo di Valse.

Nep - tune has faith - ful - ly steered thee On thy

way o'er the deep,..... Ev - er the

kind moon watch'd o'er thee, The breez - - es lulled thee to

sleep..... Home have the drow - sy - eyed mer - - maids · Drawn thy

poco rit.

bark with silk - en braids,..... While at each lit - tle peek Stars

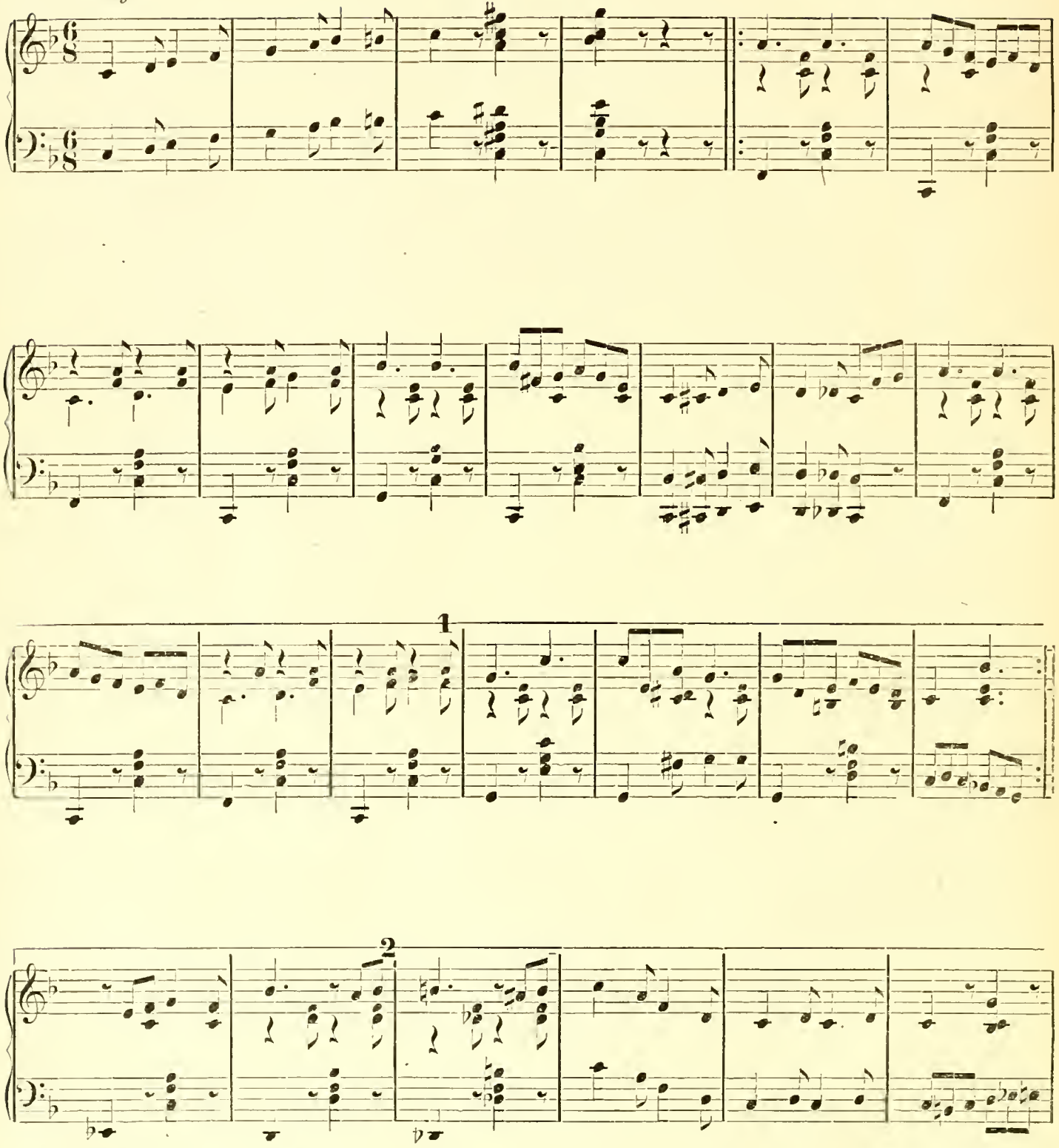
played hide and seek, And brought thee back to me.....

più mosso.

No 10.

FLORIDA WATER MARCH.

Allegro



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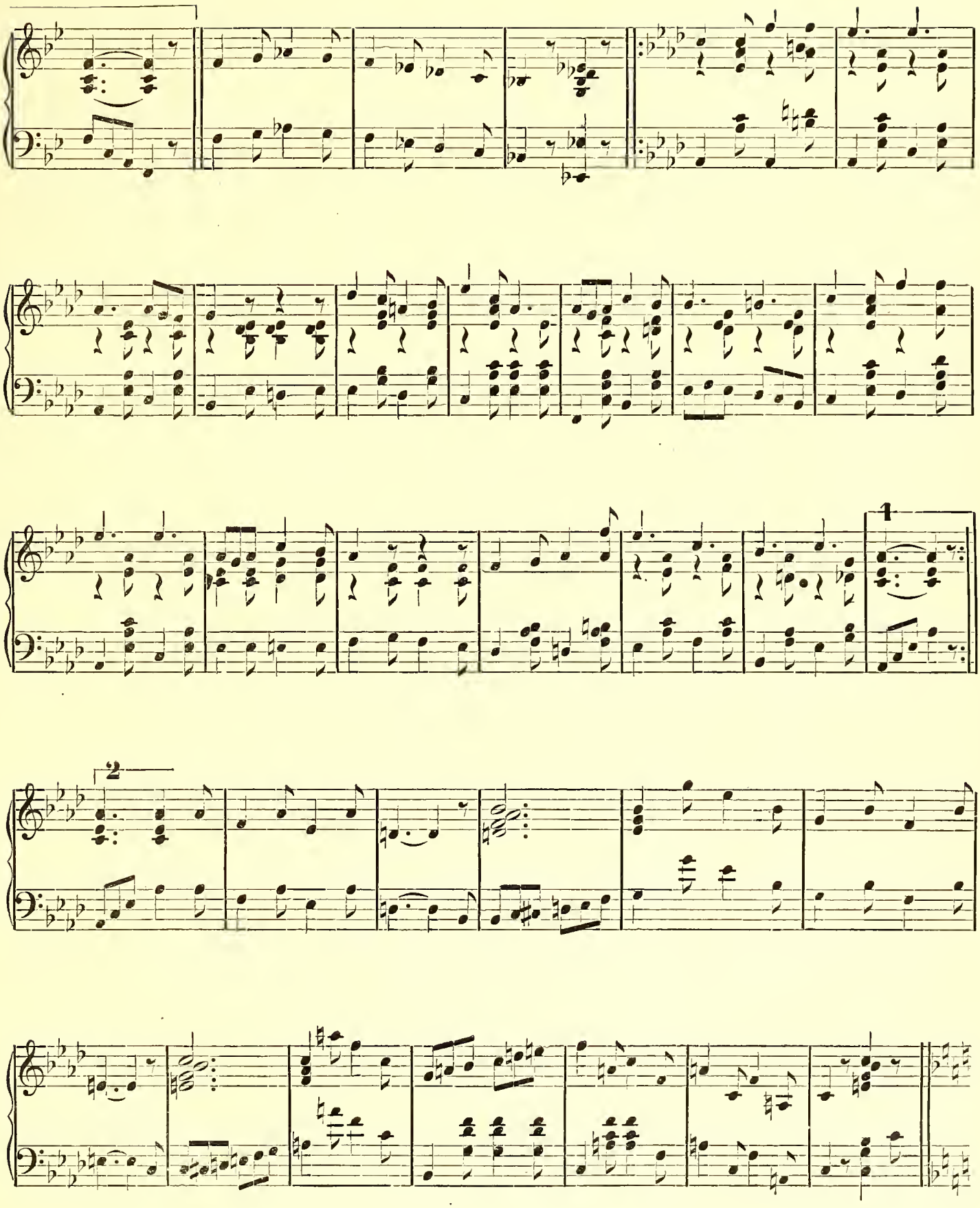
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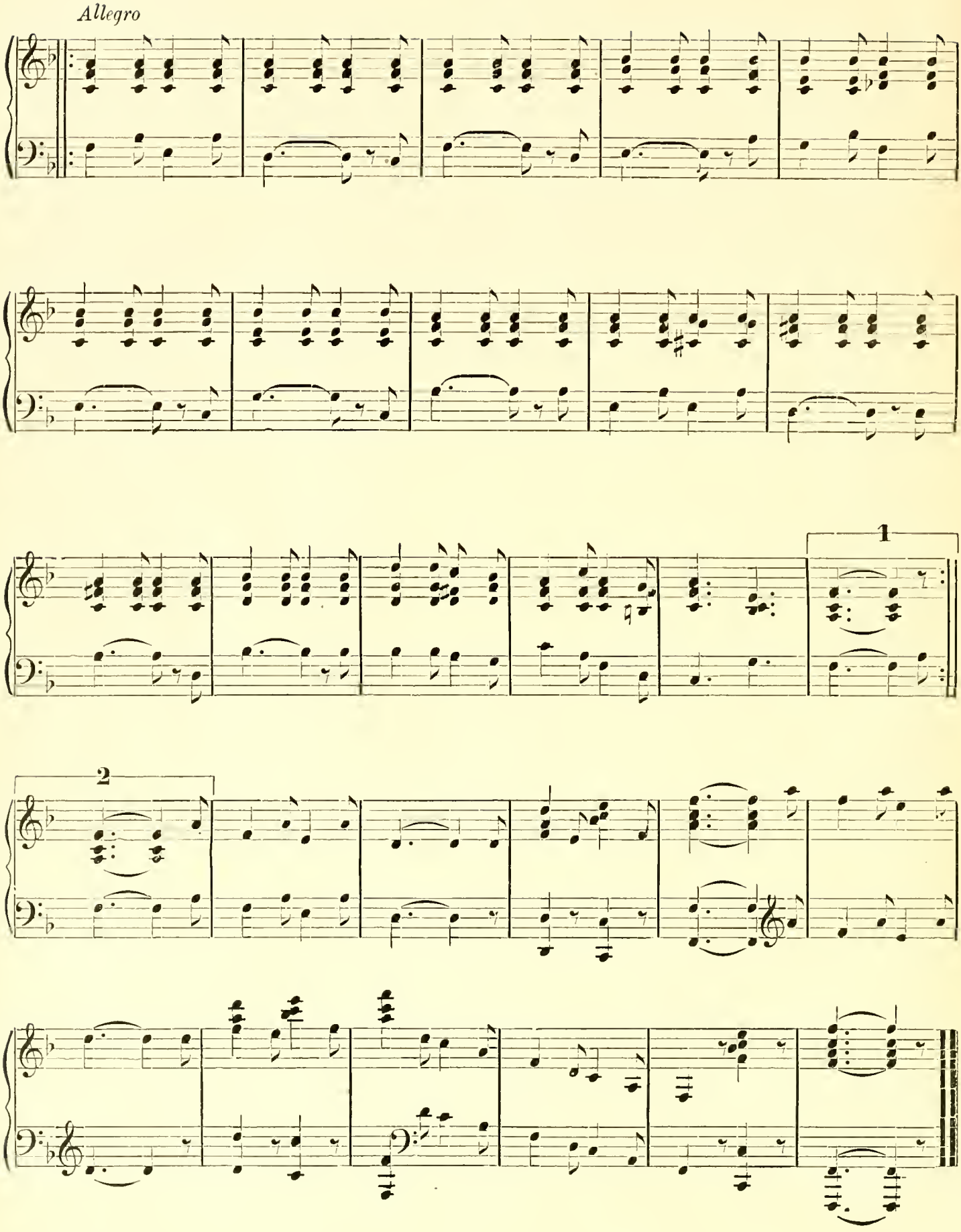
Allegro
1
2